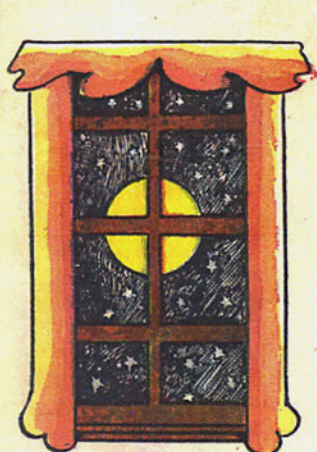


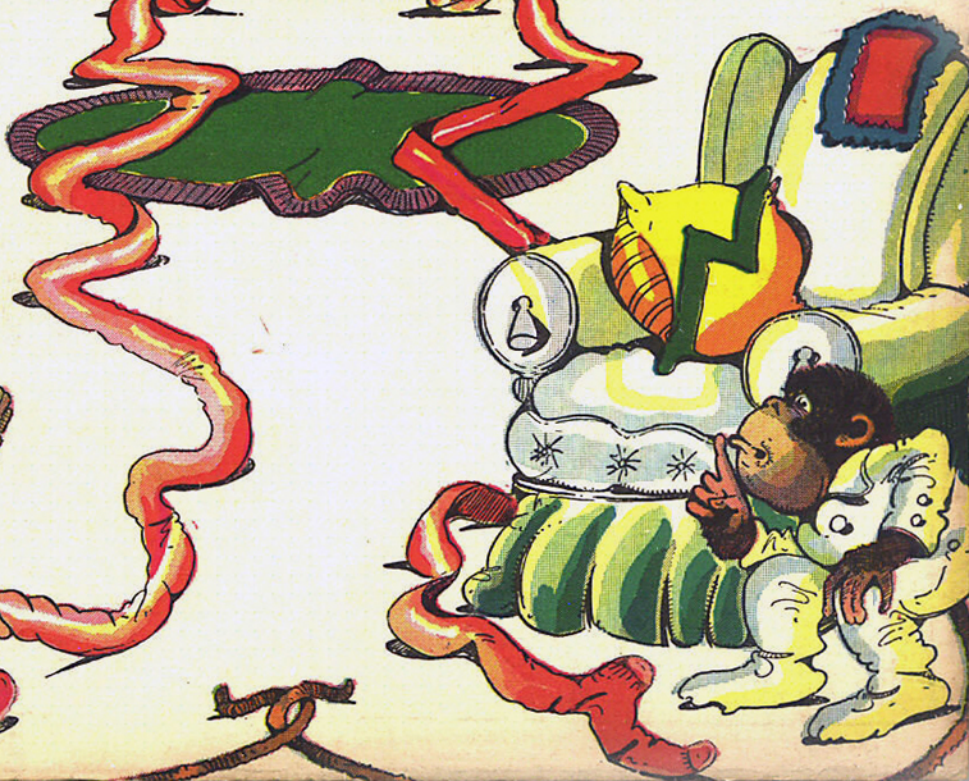
FUNNY PAGES

FUN FOR THE ENTIRE FAMILY

★ ★ ★ ★ ★
DEC
1937
10¢



WASN'T IT NICE
OF BILLY GIRAFFE
TO LEND US HIS
STOCKINGS!

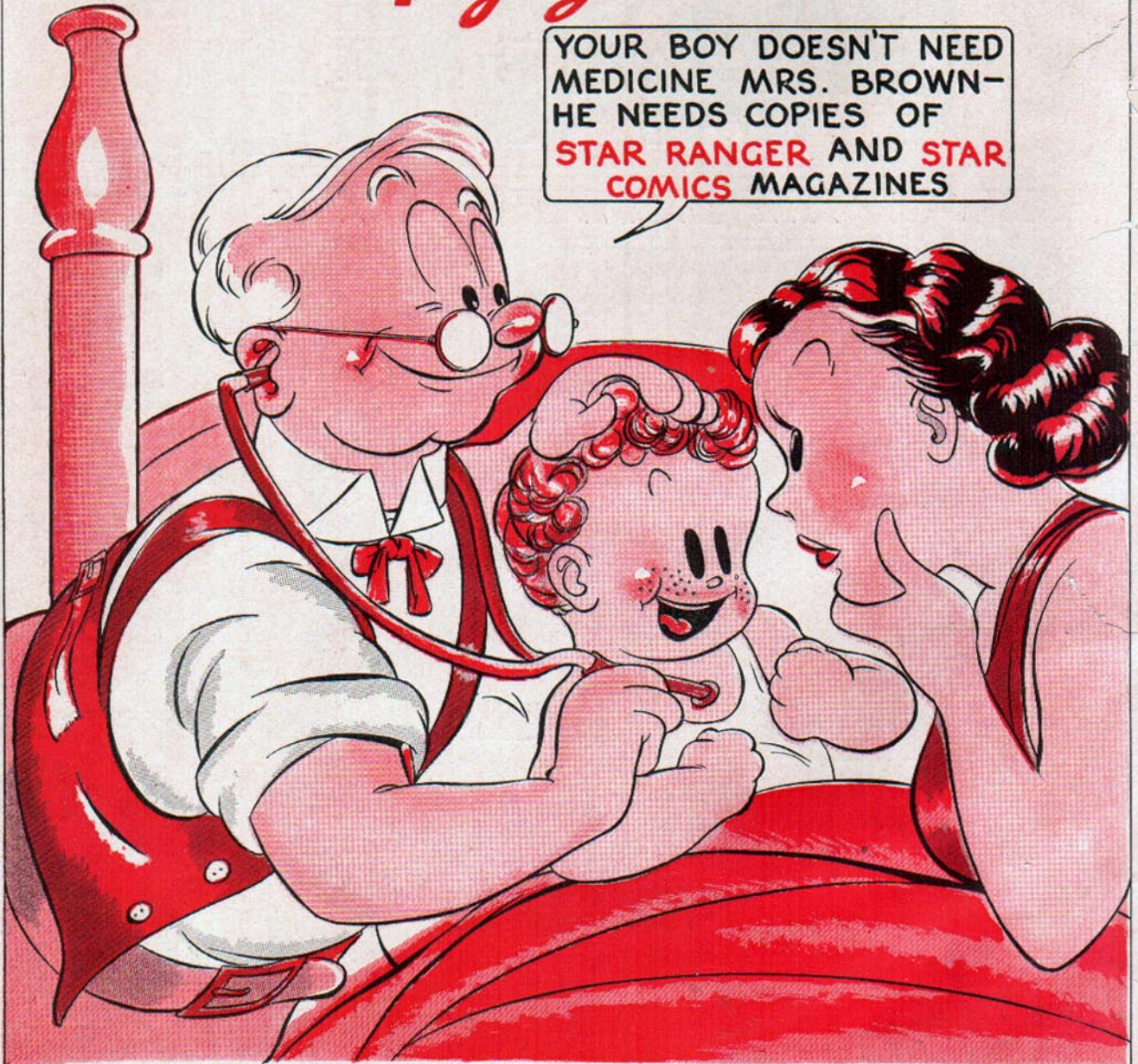




WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

America's **GREATEST** *Comic Magazines* **10¢**

YOUR BOY DOESN'T NEED
MEDICINE MRS. BROWN—
HE NEEDS COPIES OF
STAR RANGER AND **STAR**
COMICS MAGAZINES



★ **STAR** ★
COMICS

★ **STAR** ★
RANGER

*On Sale The Second
Wednesday Every Month*



Just A Minute

IMPORTANT!

You know, every once in a while we do something real important, and we feel pretty swell about it. Well, this month we did something important—we helped Santa Claus figure out some nice gifts for all our **READER FRIENDS**. We told him that we thought you'd like to receive copies of **FUNNY PAGES**, **FUNNY PICTURE STORIES**, **STAR COMICS**, and **STAR RANGER** to add more cheer to the **YULETIDE SPIRIT**.

Do you think that Santa would hand out a present which he hasn't thoroughly examined? No, Sir! Not Old Saint Nick! He sat himself down and started looking over the pages of our **CARTOON** magazines. Would you believe it, he was so absorbed in the **INTERESTING** stories, and **LAUGHED** so long at the **HILARIOUS** gags, that he was almost late for his annual trip! He put his official **OKAY** on them, and filled up his sack with plenty of copies for everyone!

Yes, Siree! When it comes to a nice gift that everybody appreciates, you can't beat **FUNNY PAGES**, the **DIME** magazine with the **DOLLAR VALUE**! You'll start laughing the minute you look at the **COVER**, and you'll **KEEP** right on laughing through the **WHOLE** book. And there are **PLENTY** of **EXCITING STORIES**, too!

FUNNY PICTURE STORIES is the **BIG** cartoon magazine which is just **FULL** of **PEP**, **ZIP**, and **ACTION**! The **ADVENTURE** and **MYSTERY** stories are positively **THRILLING**!

STAR COMICS is another **RIB-TICKLING** cartoon **VALUE**—**FUNNY** from cover to **COVER**! And if you're looking for **FAST MOVING**, **SIX SHOOTER** stories of the **GOLDEN WEST**, make sure you get a copy of **STAR RANGER**... Don't forget, **EVERY PAGE** of these cartoon magazines is **BRILLIANTLY COLORED**!!

In conclusion, let us wish **EVERY ONE** of you a **MERRY, MERRY CHRISTMAS** AND A **HAPPY TIME WITH FUNNY PAGES**!



FUNNY PAGES

HARRY "A" CHESLER

Editor

George Nagle, Managing Editor

Vol. 2, No. 4

DECEMBER, 1937

10 Cents

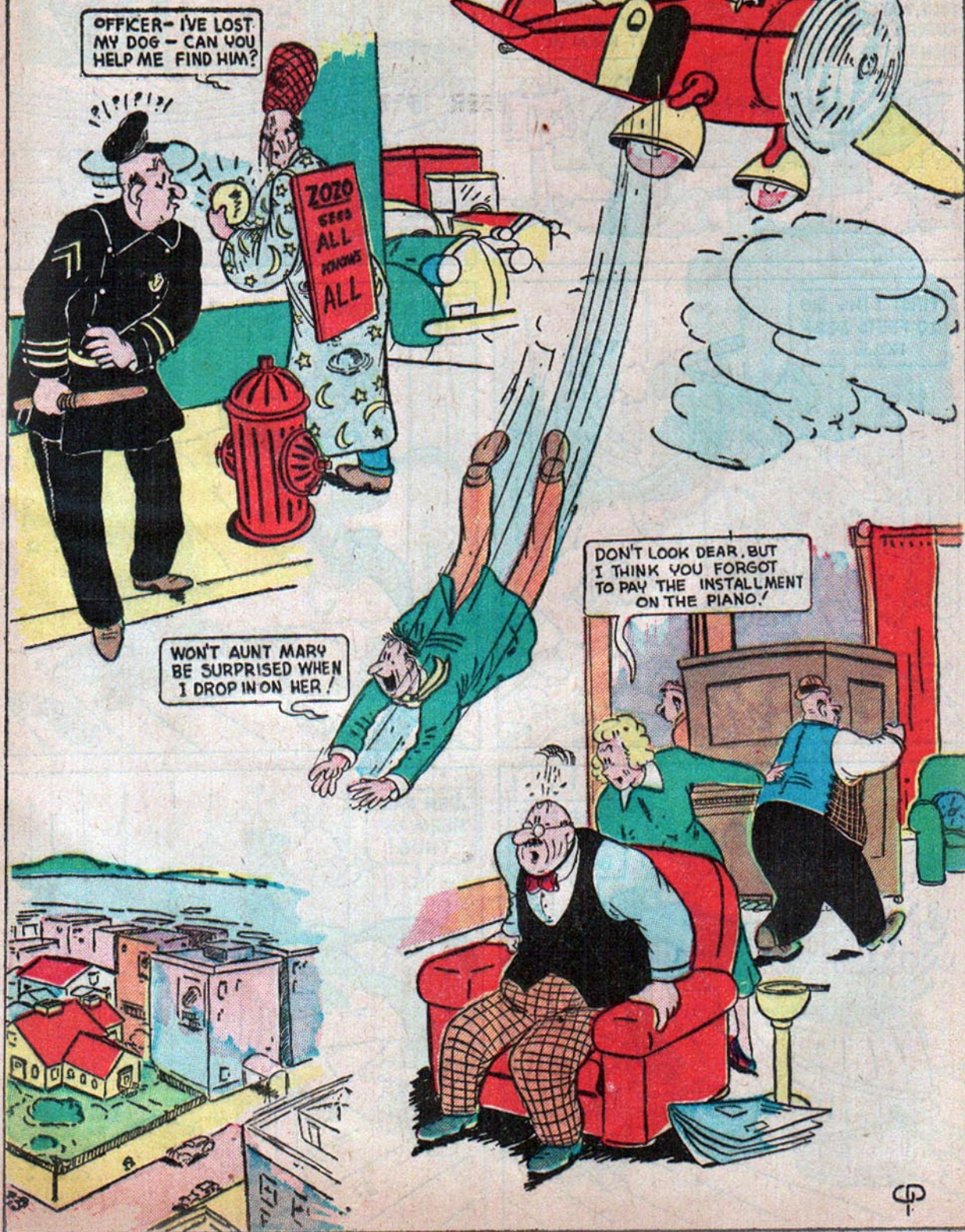
CONTENTS

	Jest A Minute	
	Death On The Bottom	
Men Of Letters		It's Really A Fact
Nibs	Famous Chargers Of History	Spots
Abdallah	Laughing At Life	Mollie
Jitney Joe	Top Notchers	Dinky Pup
Black & Tan	Mr. Whipple	Smart Alec
His Highness	Joe Ticket	Block & Fall
Gnaw & Nibble	Jim Thorpe	Missing Links
Desert Pirates	Ann How	Cheerio Minstrels
Good Mornin' Judge	Bingo	The Great Boodini

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Laughing At Life

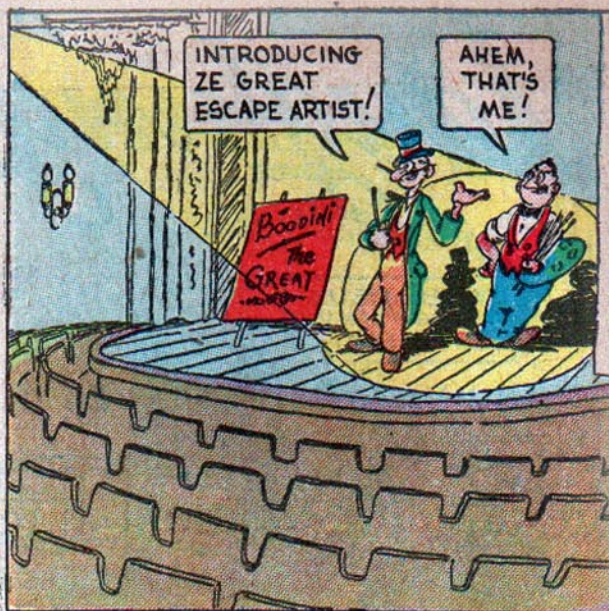


THE GREAT

BOODINI!

YOUR WATCH IS RUINED. ZE TRICK DIDN'T WORK, SIR!

THAT'S ALL RIGHT. IT WAS YOUR WATCH ANYWAY. I SWIPED IT FROM YA!



INTRODUCING ZE GREAT ESCAPE ARTIST!

AHEM, THAT'S ME!



FIRST I DIG BIG 20 FEET DEEP HOLE.....



... THEN STRING HEEM UP! —

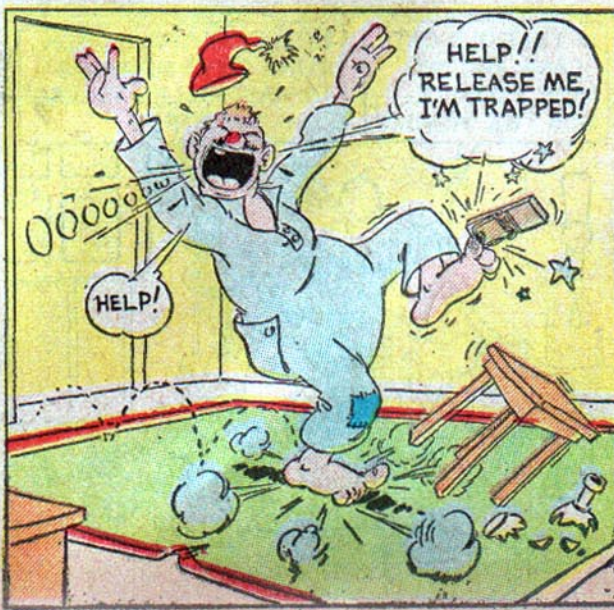
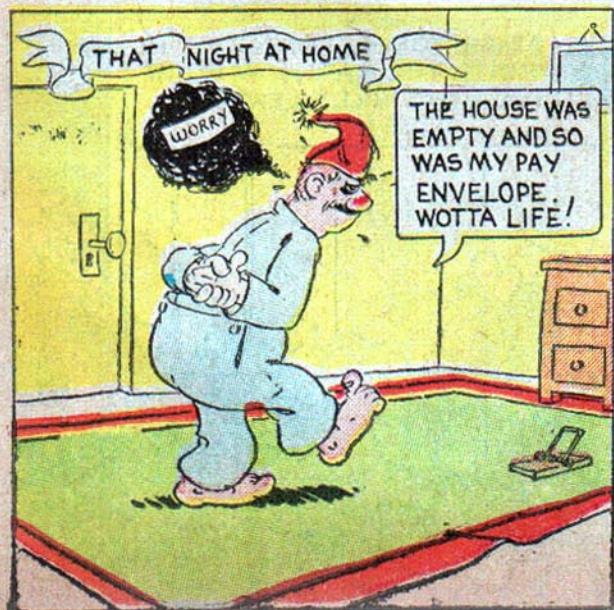
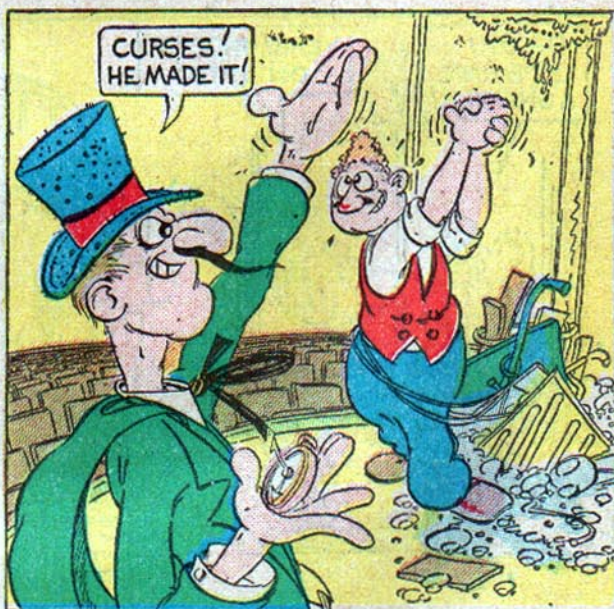
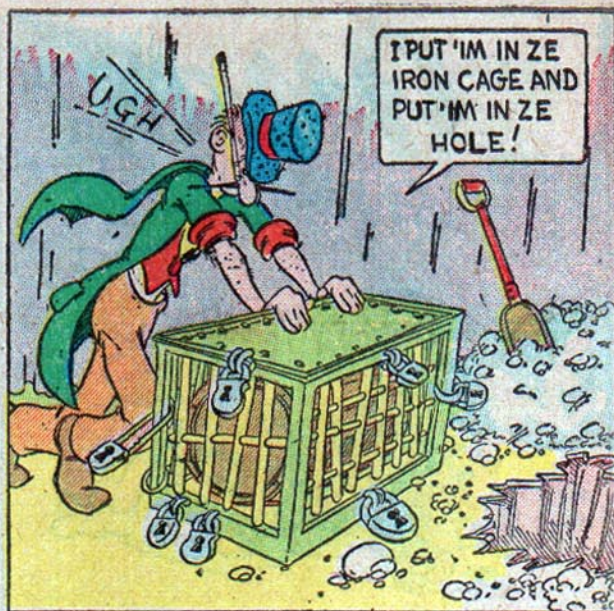
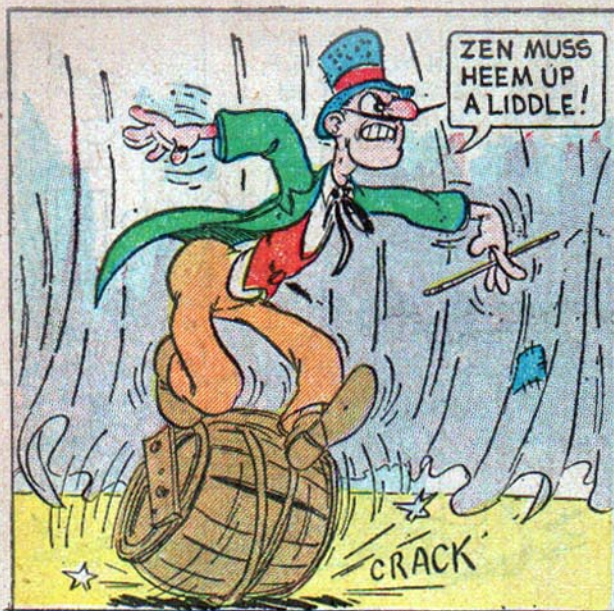
CRACK



... AND PHUT HEEM IN ZE BARREL!



... DEN NAIL HEEM UP-THUS!



Gnaw AND NIBBLE



MAMA'S GOIN' TO MARKET.
NOW WATCH YOUR STEP,
BOYS, THE OLD CAT IS
PROWLING AROUND AGAIN!

YOU'RE TELLIN'
US!

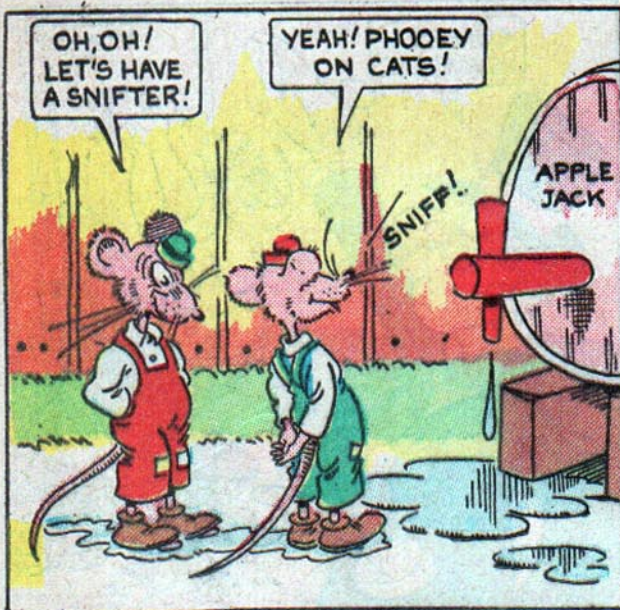


OH, OH!
LET'S HAVE
A SNIFTER!

YEAH! PHOOEY
ON CATS!

SNIFF!

APPLE
JACK

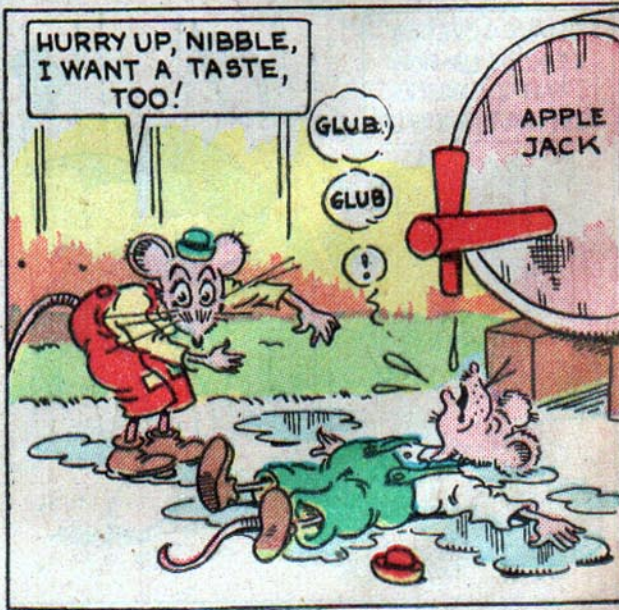


HURRY UP, NIBBLE,
I WANT A TASTE,
TOO!

GLUB!

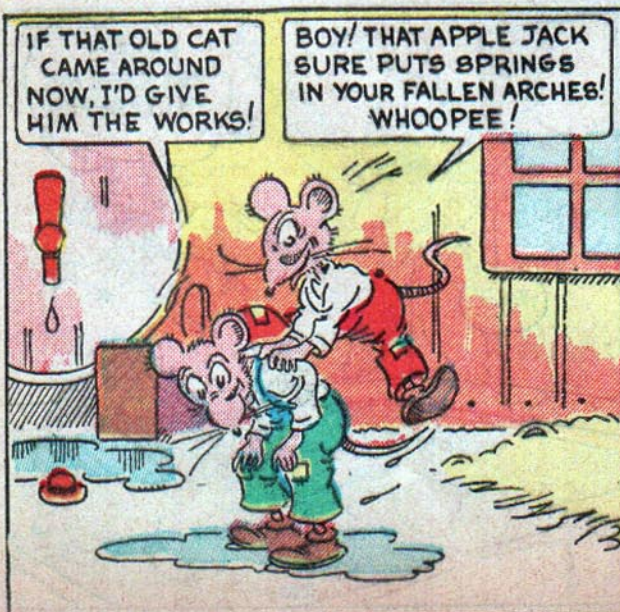
GLUB

APPLE
JACK

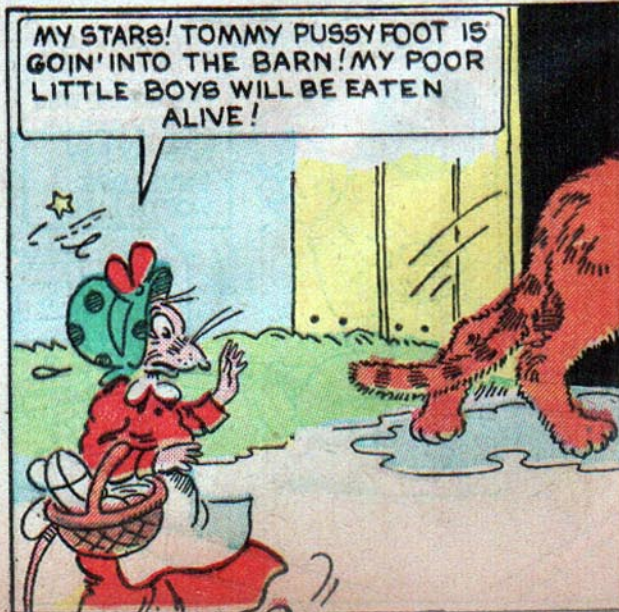


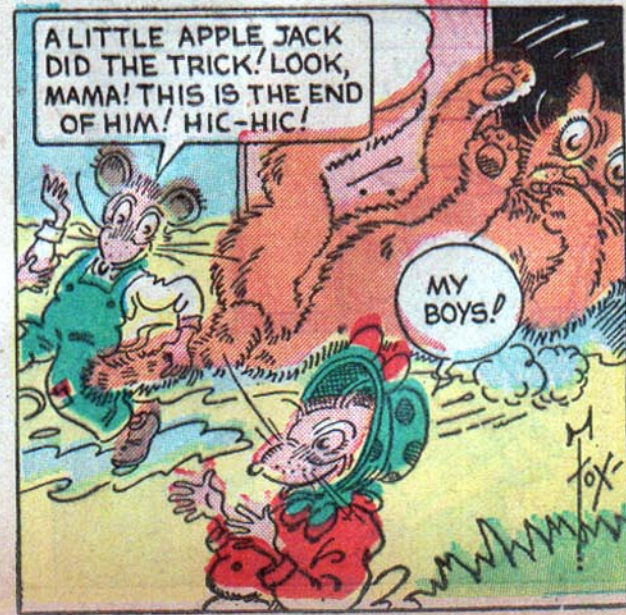
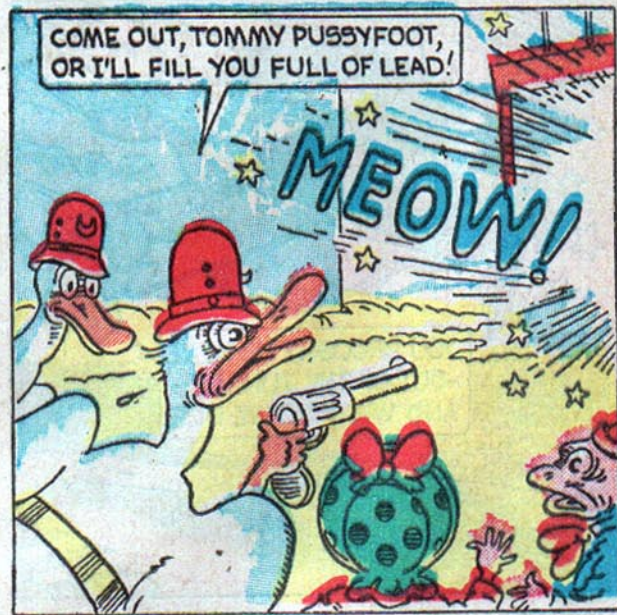
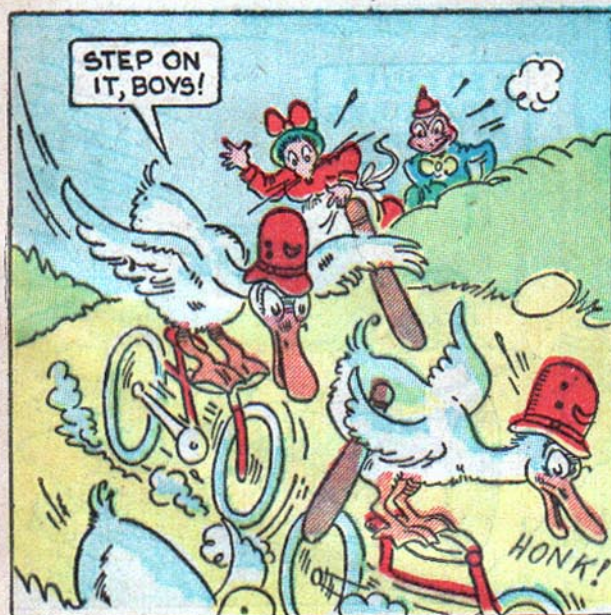
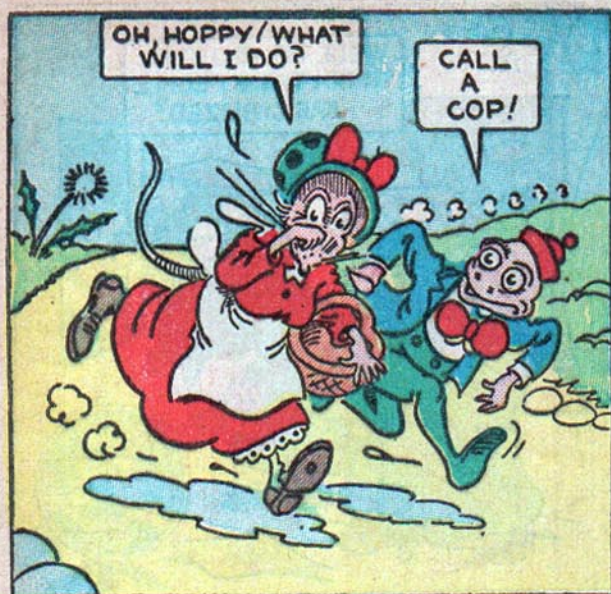
IF THAT OLD CAT
CAME AROUND
NOW, I'D GIVE
HIM THE WORKS!

BOY! THAT APPLE JACK
SURE PUTS SPRINGS
IN YOUR FALLEN ARCHES!
WHOOPEE!

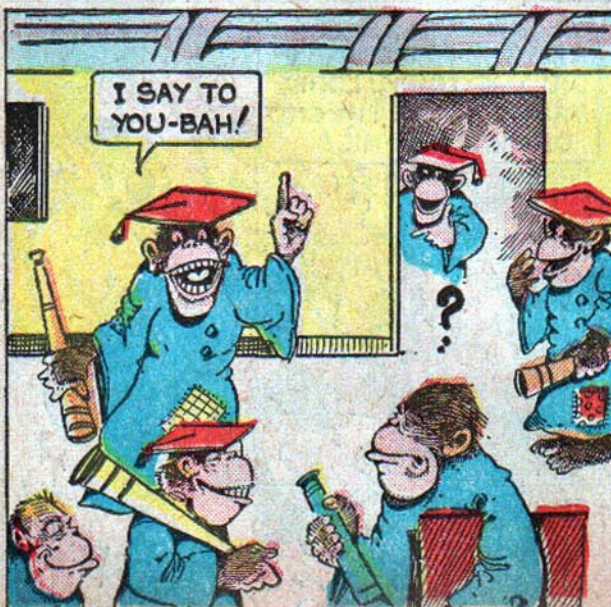
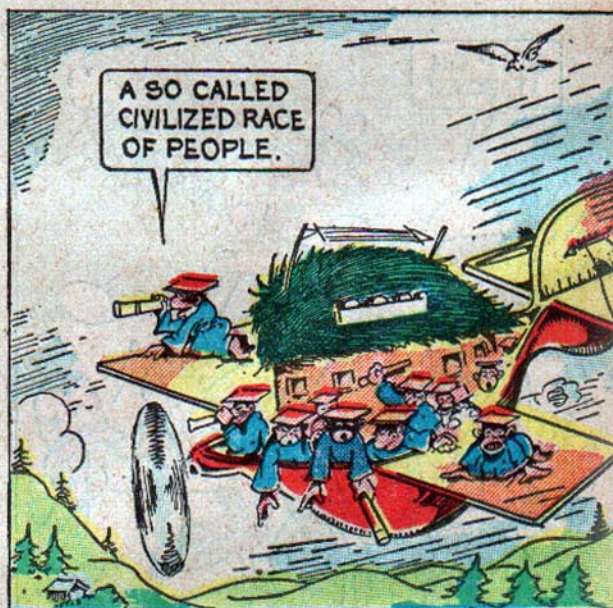
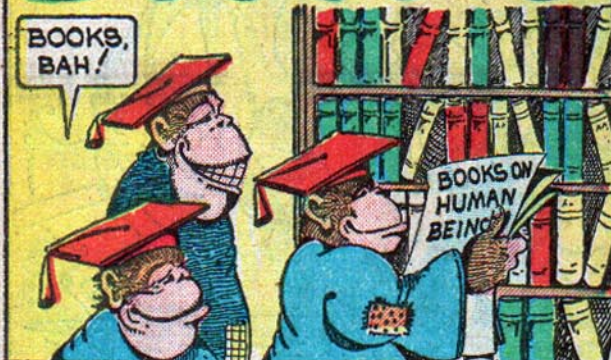


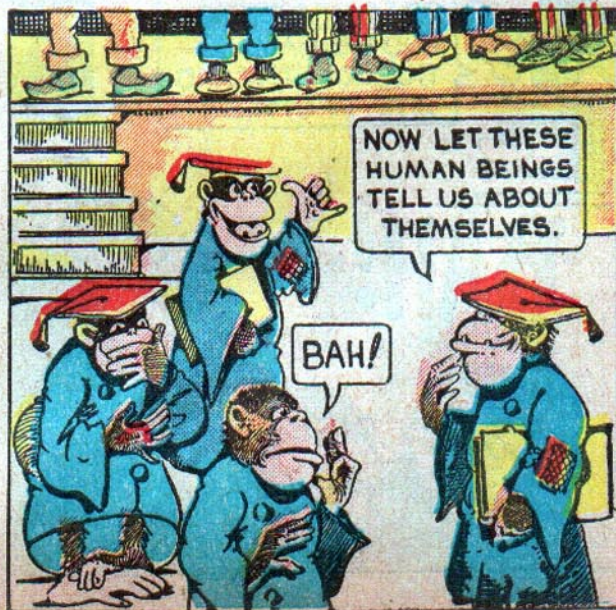
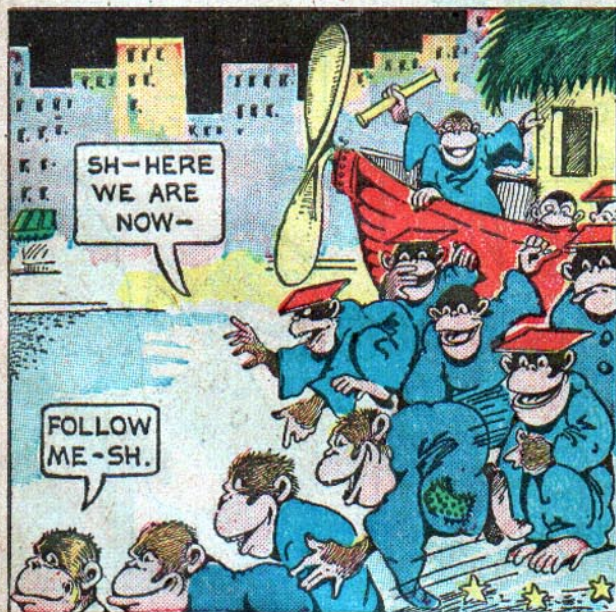
MY STARS! TOMMY PUSSYFOOT IS
GOIN' INTO THE BARN! MY POOR
LITTLE BOYS WILL BE EATEN
ALIVE!

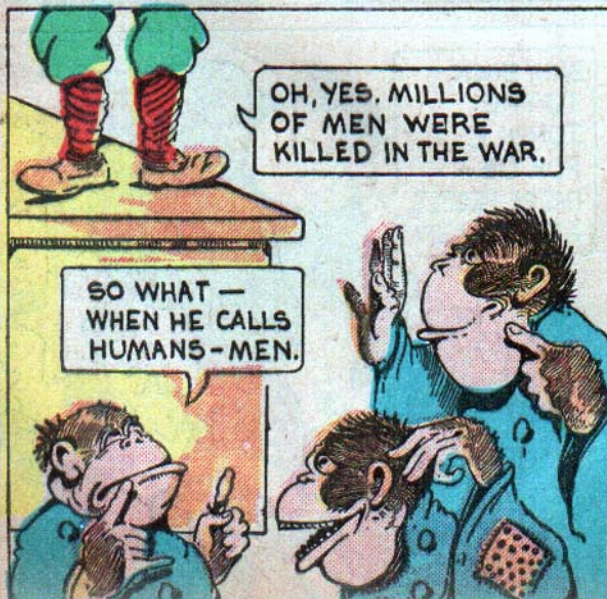
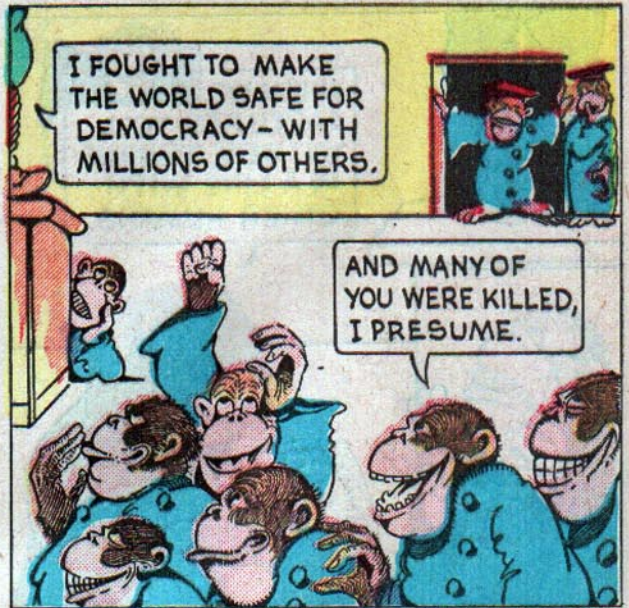
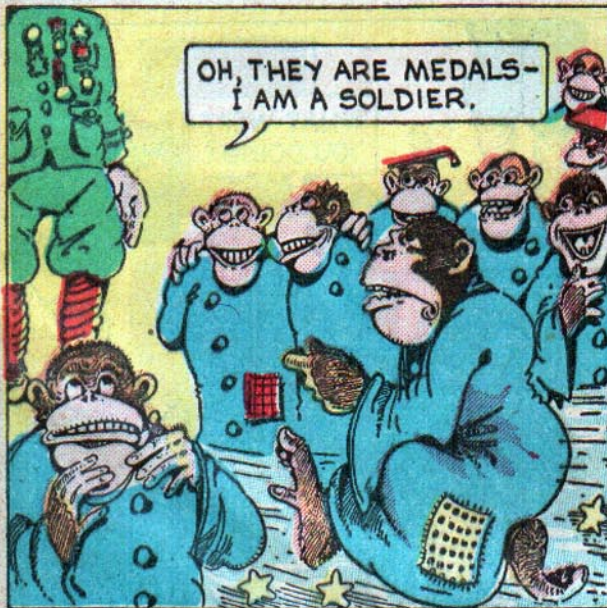
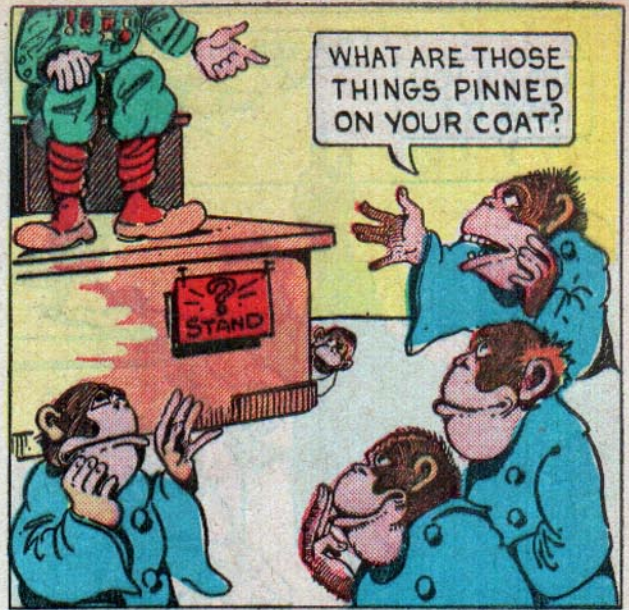


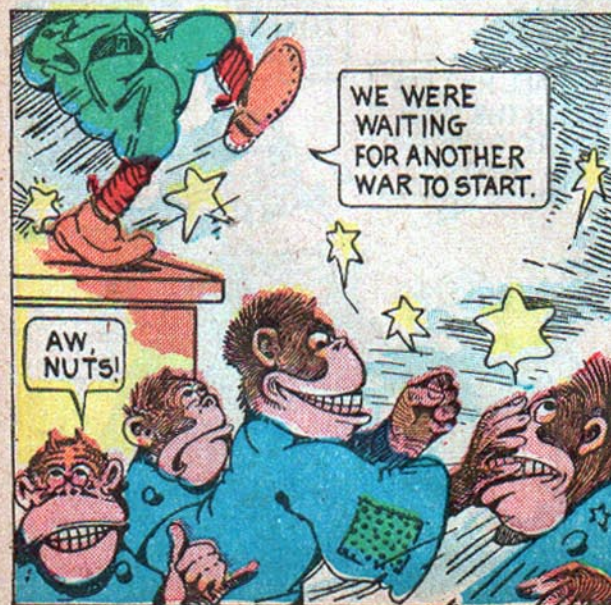
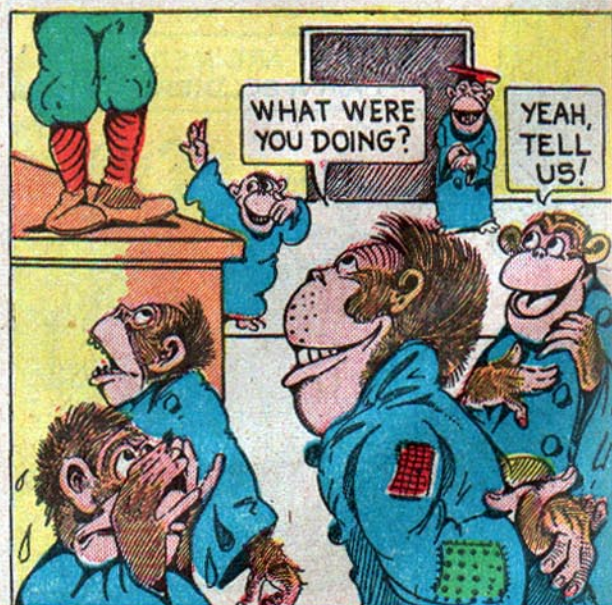
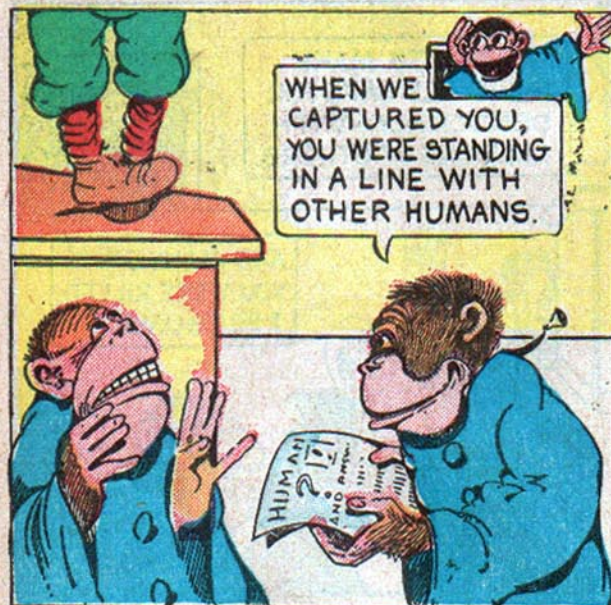
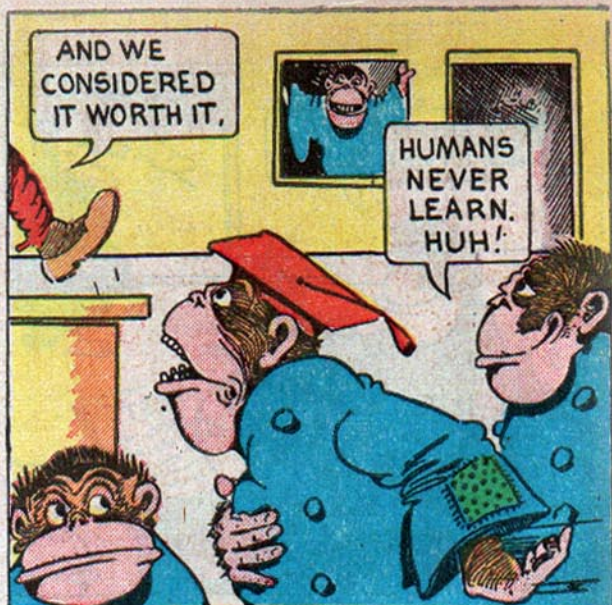


MISSING LINKS





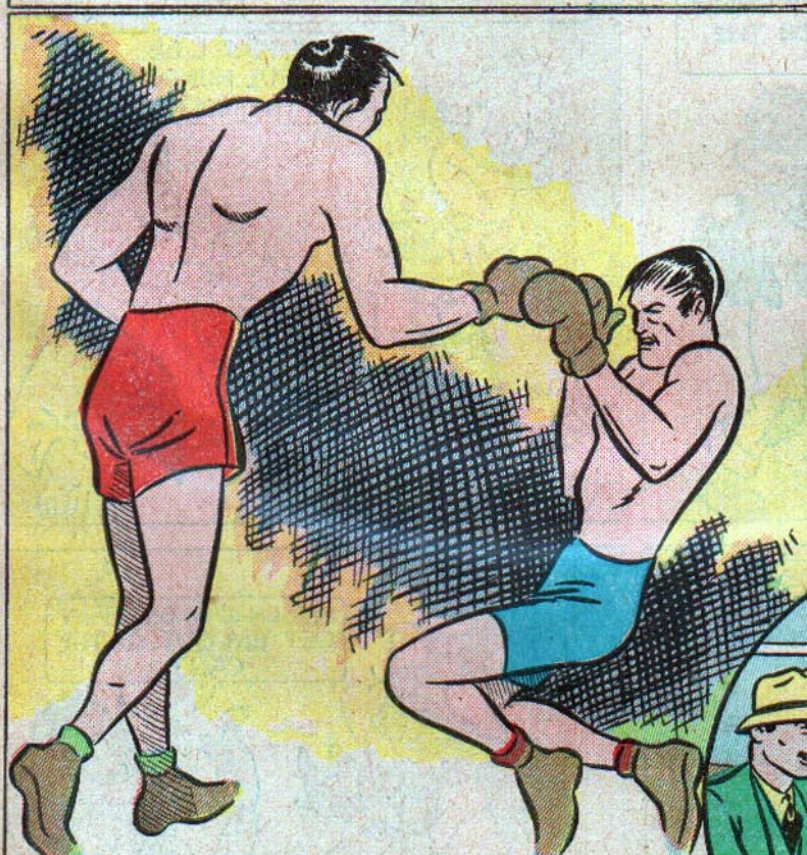




TOP-NOTCHERS..

BILL McCARNEY

MANAGER OF STEVE DUDAS AND EX-MANAGER OF LUIS FIRPO, ONE OF THE ONLY MEN TO FLOOR JACK DEMPSEY.



IN 1923 BILL WAS A CO-MANAGER OF FIRPO WITH HUGH GARTLAND. BILL AND HUGH BALLYHOOD THEIR FIGHTER INTO A MATCH WITH DEMPSEY WHO WAS HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION AT THAT TIME.

FIRPO WAS A GIANT WITH A CRUSHING PUNCH IN HIS RIGHT HAND. IT WAS ONE OF THESE SMASHING RIGHTS THAT SPILLED DEMPSEY INTO THE LAPS OF THE PRESSMEN WHO ASSISTED HIM BACK INTO THE RING. DEMPSEY SHOULD HAVE BEEN DISQUALIFIED BUT GARTLAND WHO WAS IN FIRPO'S CORNER, FAILED TO PROTEST. McCARNEY WAS FURIOUS AT GARTLAND FOR THIS AND THUS BEGAN THE RING'S MOST FAMOUS FEUD.



IN 1936 WHEN STEVE DUDAS, MANAGED BY McCARNEY, FOUGHT BUDDY RAYN, MANAGED BY GARTLAND, THEY ENDED A FEUD THAT LASTED 13 YEARS.

MINSTRELS CHEERIO



ROSES ARE RED AND VIOLETS BLUE -
I'D SKIP THIS PAGE IF I WERE YOU.

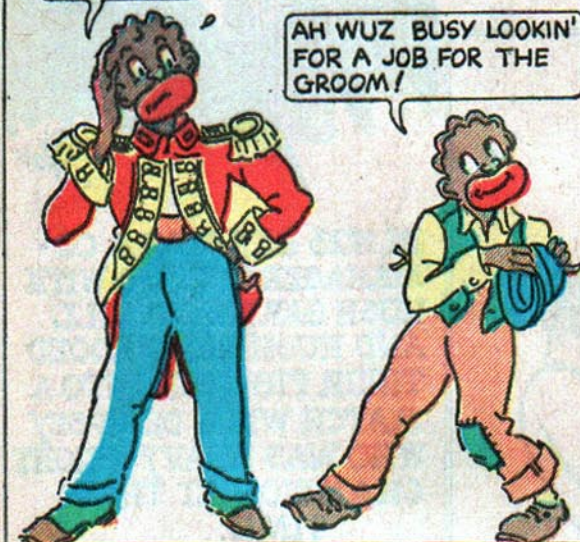
WAS YOU AT YOUR
DAUGHTER'S WEDDING?

NO SAH-AH
WUZ NOT!



WHY NOT?

AH WUZ BUSY LOOKIN'
FOR A JOB FOR THE
GROOM!



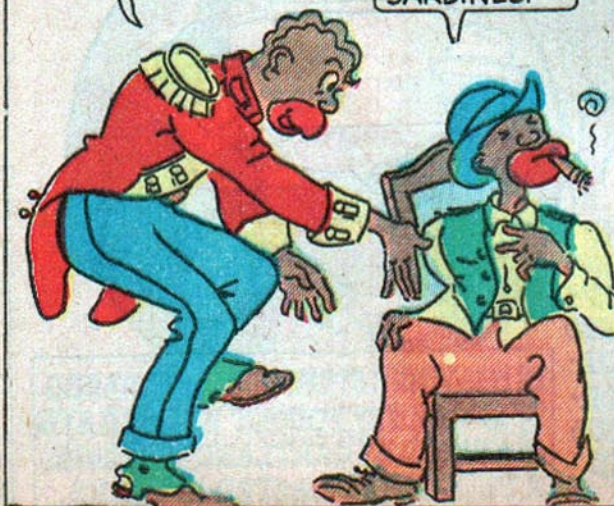
AH DIDN'T EAT NO DINNER
AN' AH GOT NO MONEY FOR
SUPPER!

MY, YOU'LL BE
AWFUL HUNGRY
IN THE MORNING!



BIG FISH LIVE ON
THE LITTLE FISH.

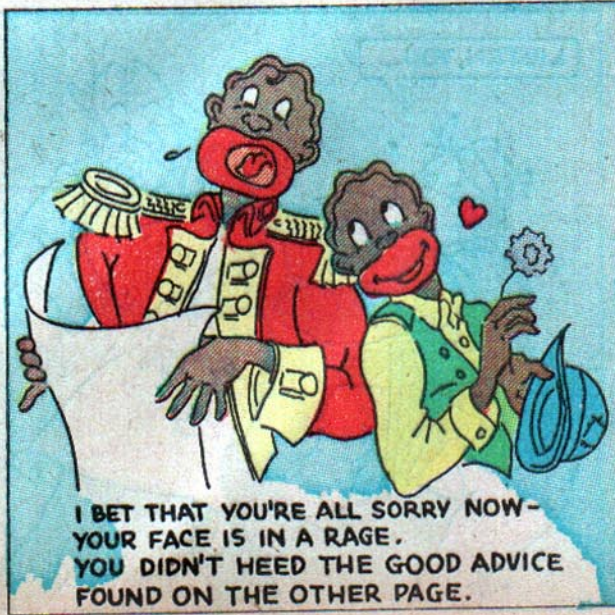
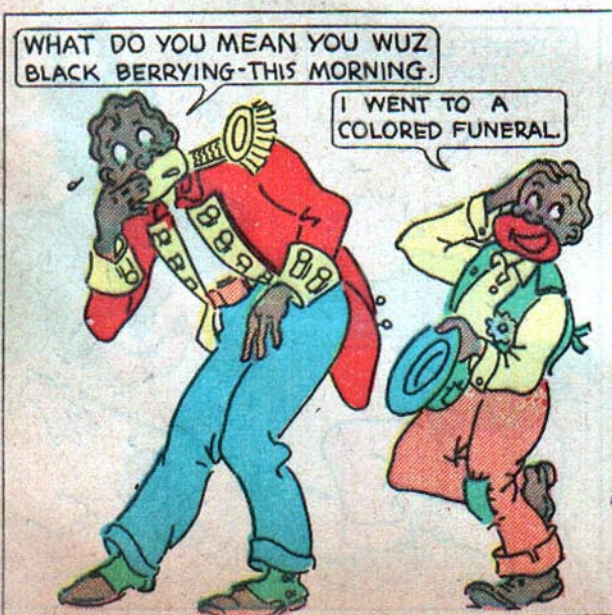
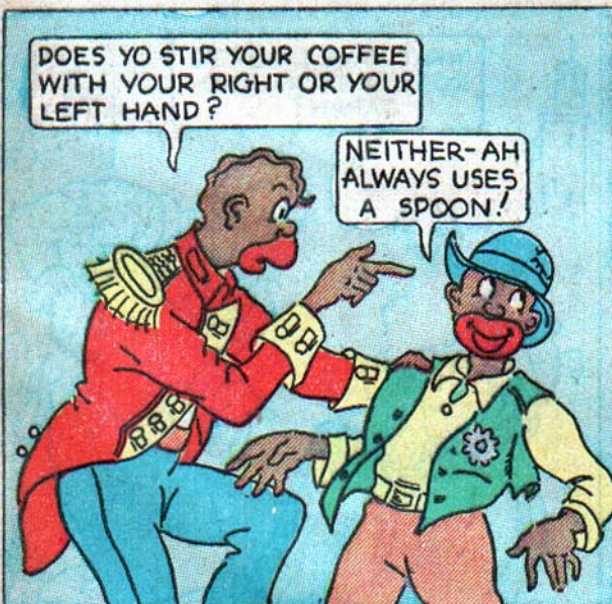
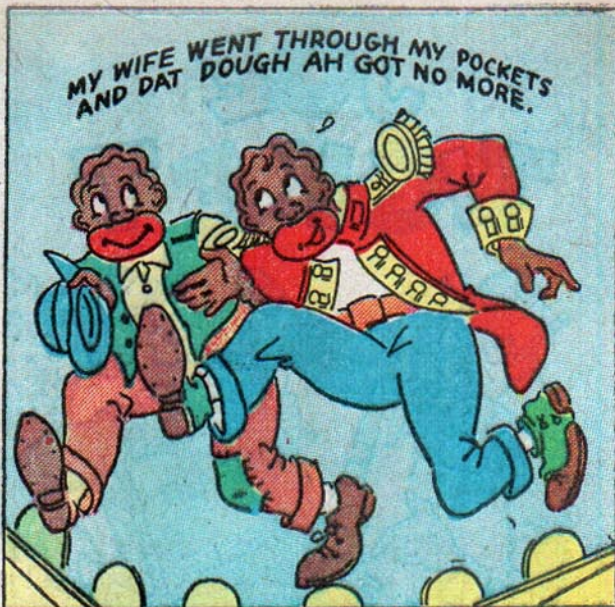
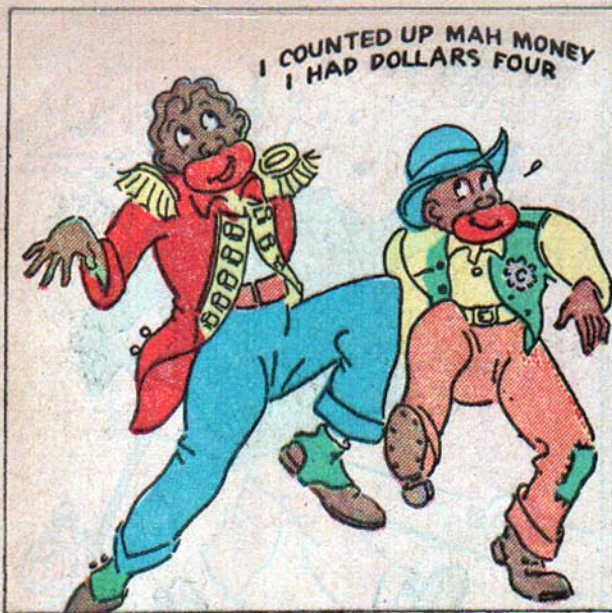
YOU MEAN BIG
FISH EAT
SARDINES!



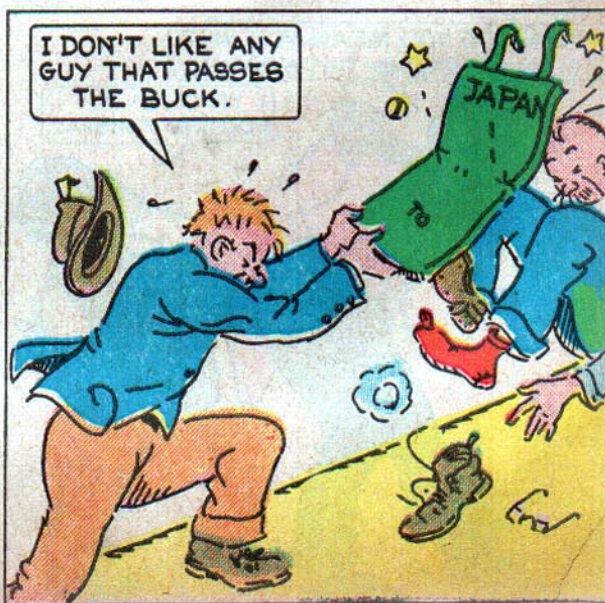
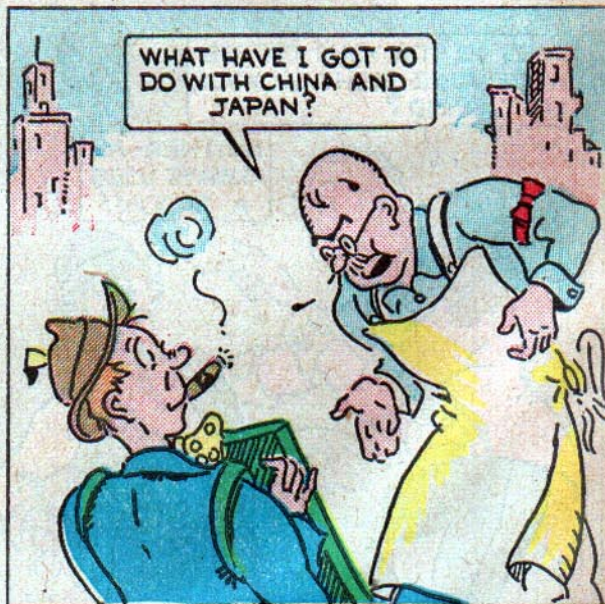
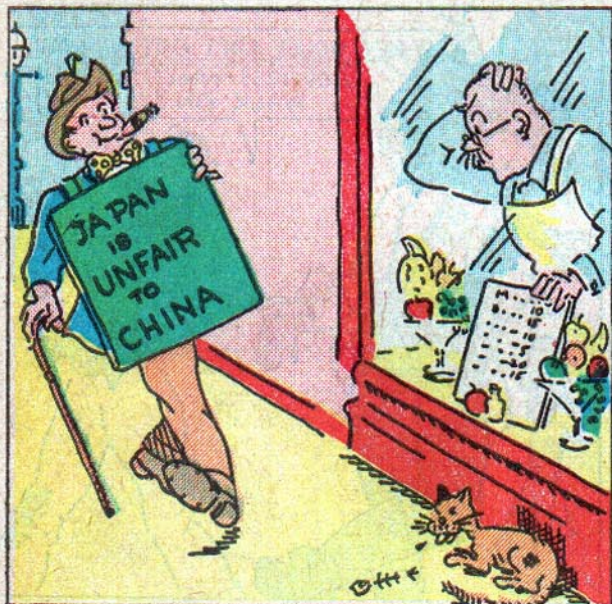
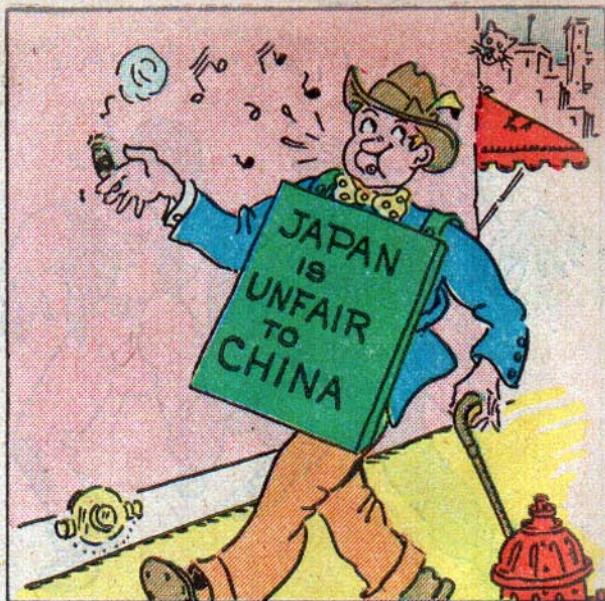
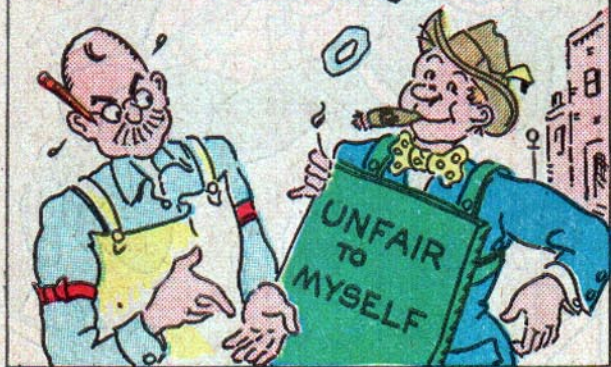
THATS WHAT
AH SAID.

WELL-HOW DO THEY
GET 'EM OUT OF THE
CAN?

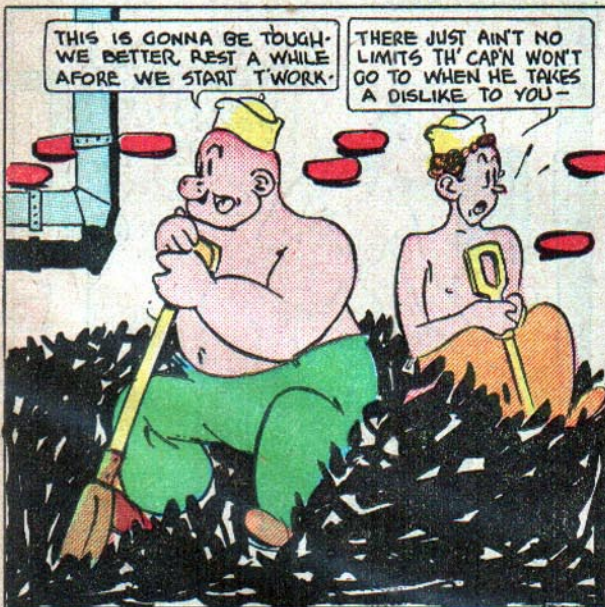
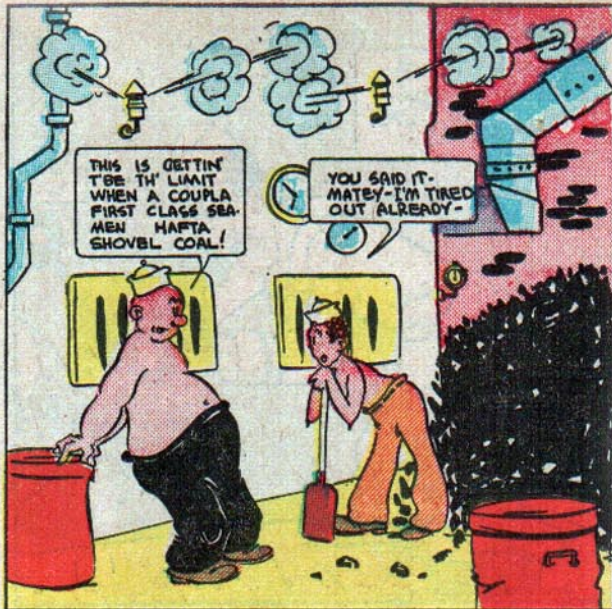
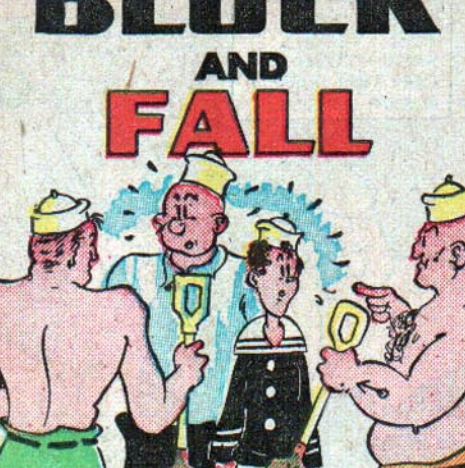


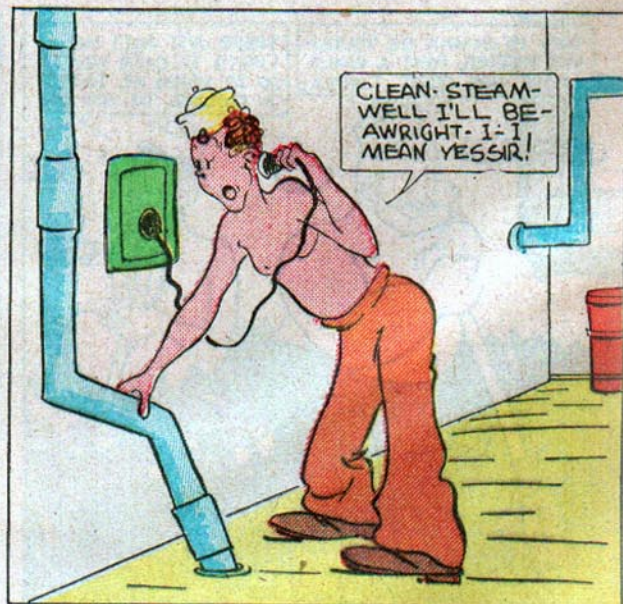
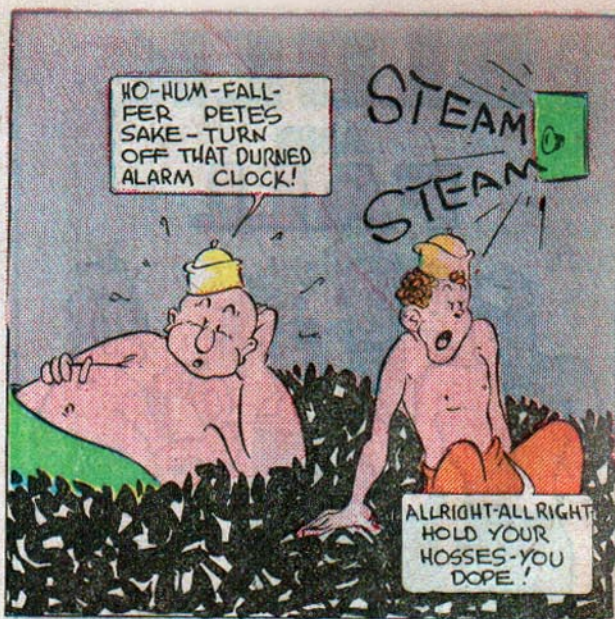
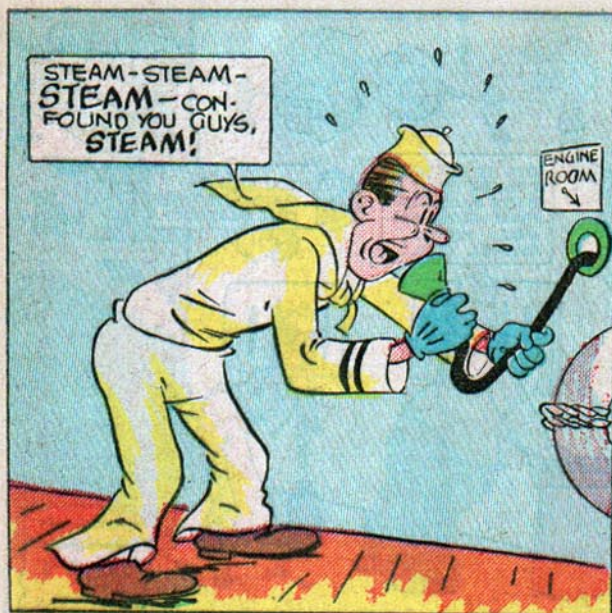


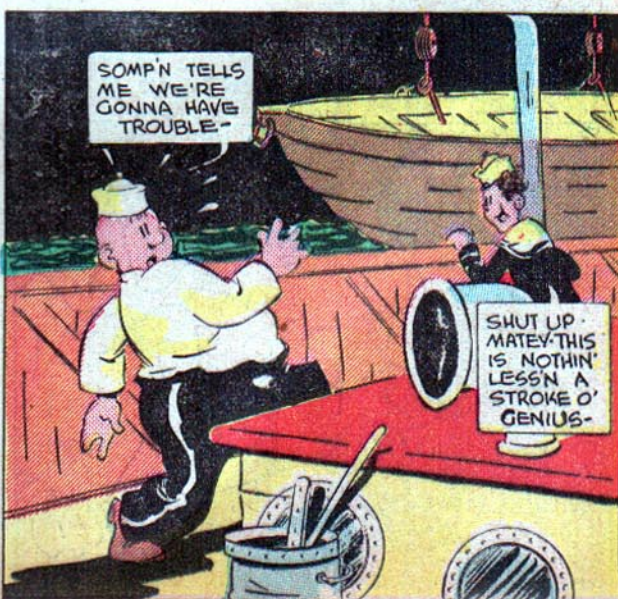
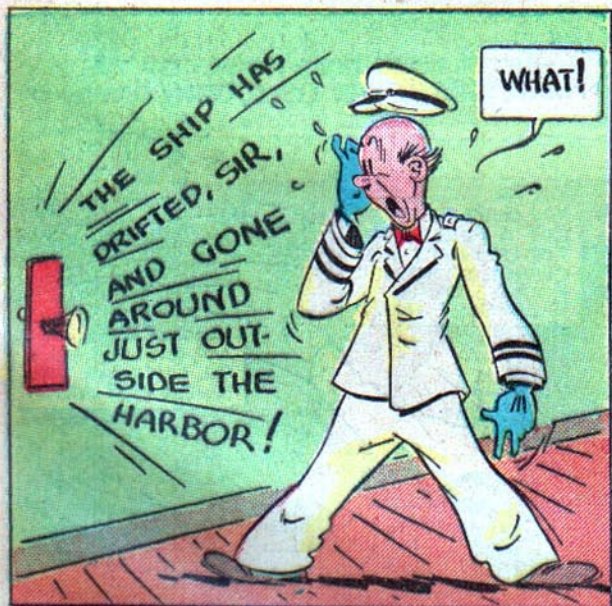
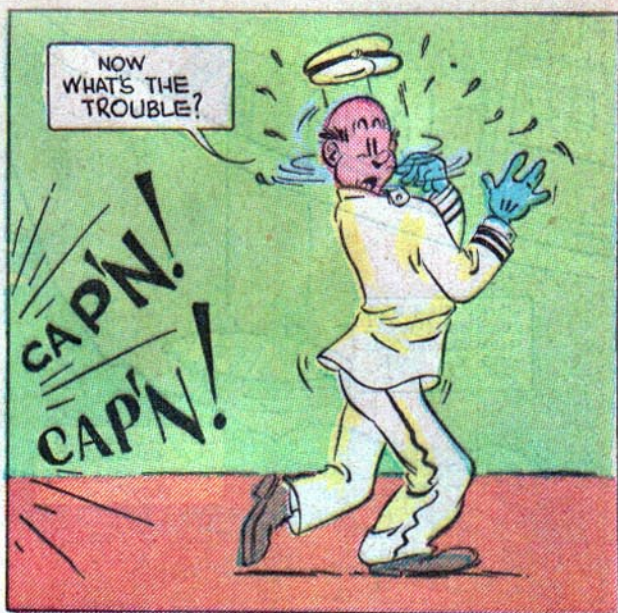
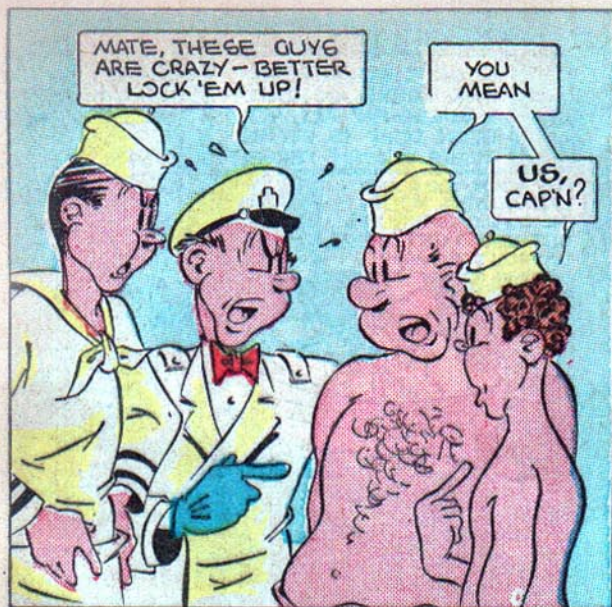
JOE TICKET

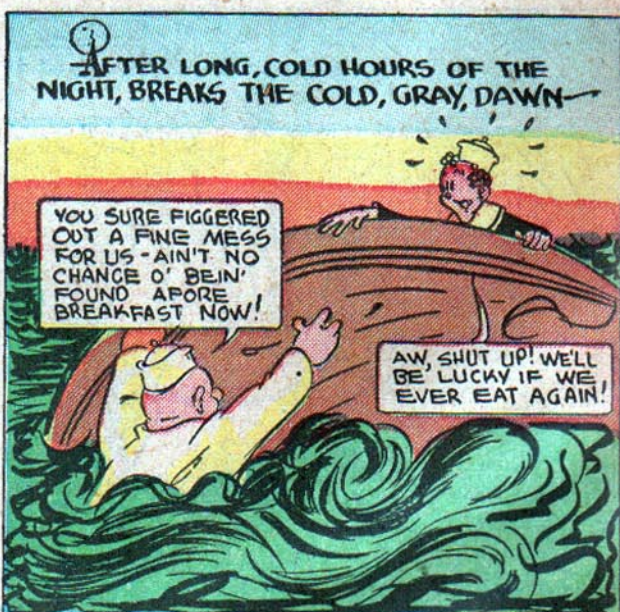


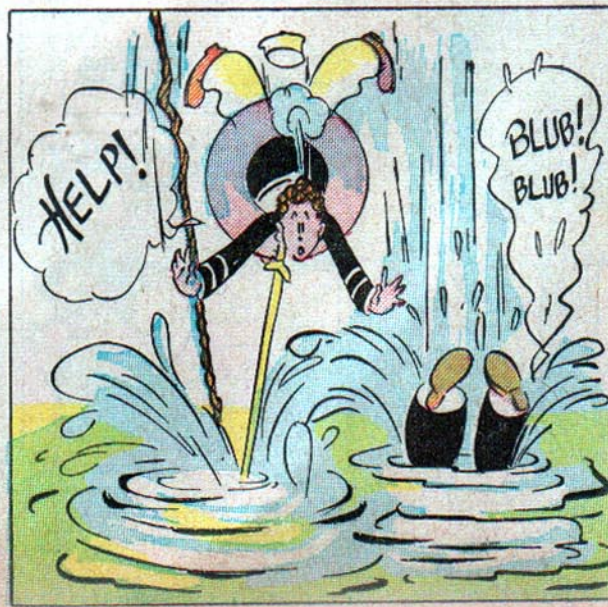
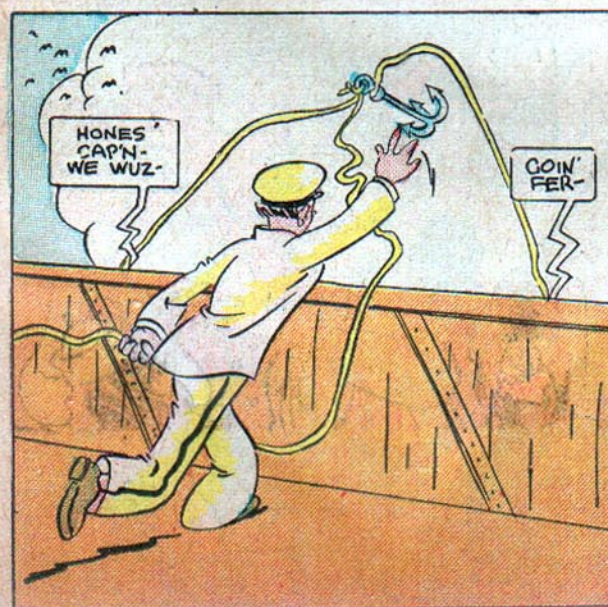
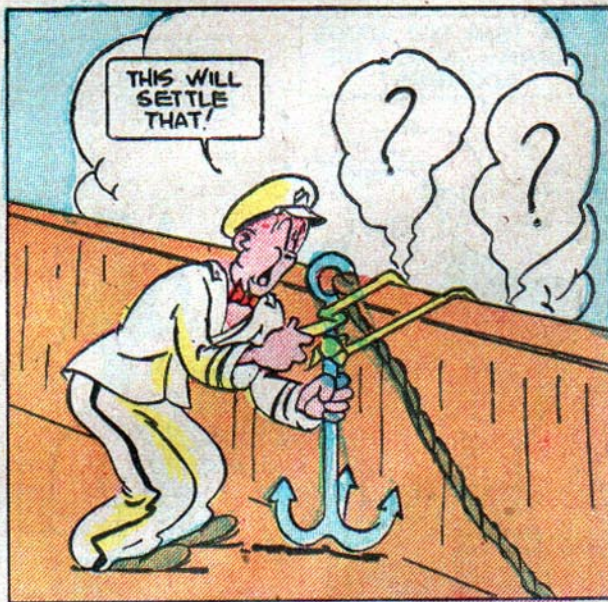
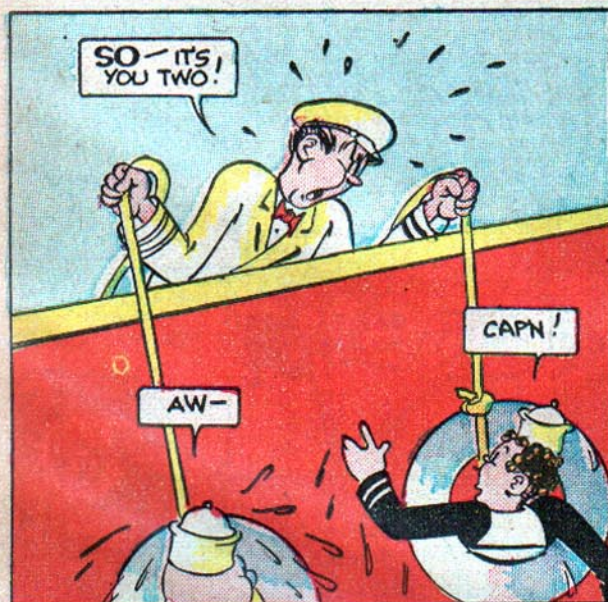
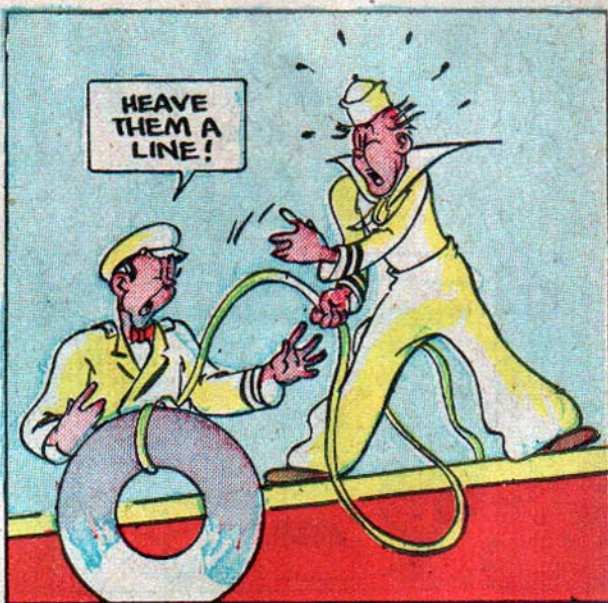
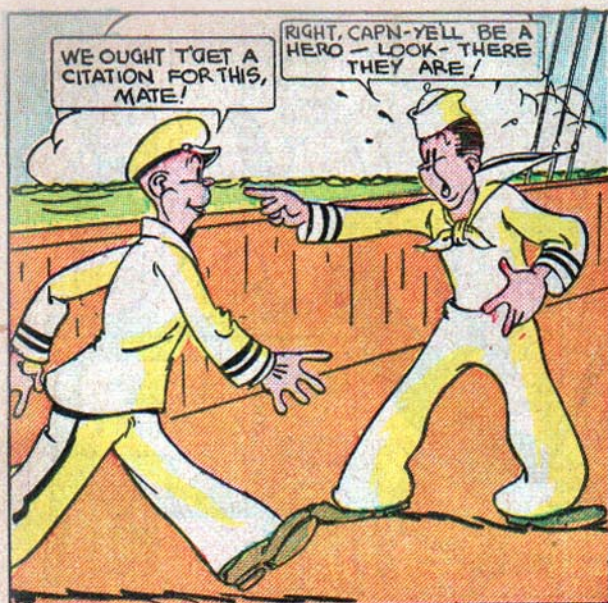
BLOCK AND FALL

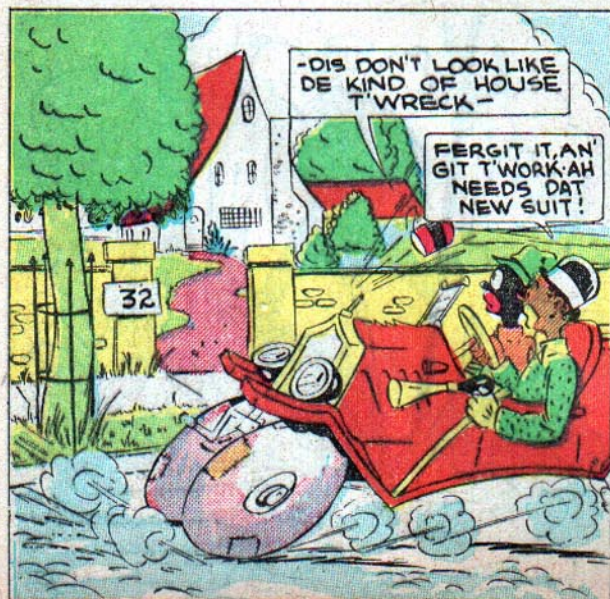
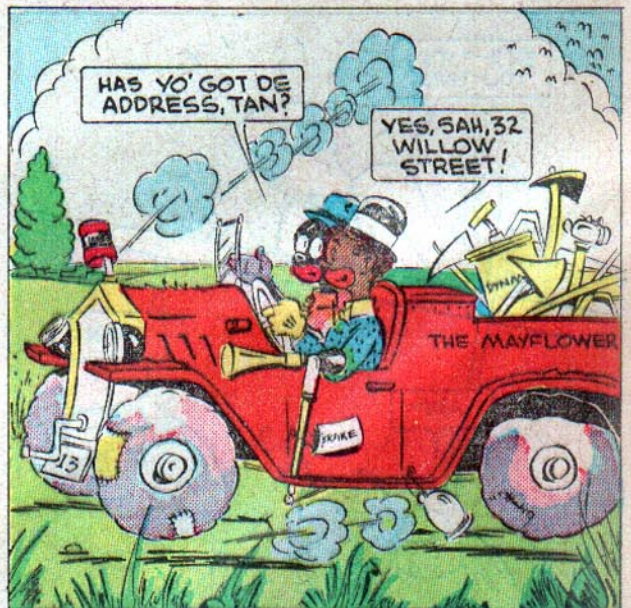
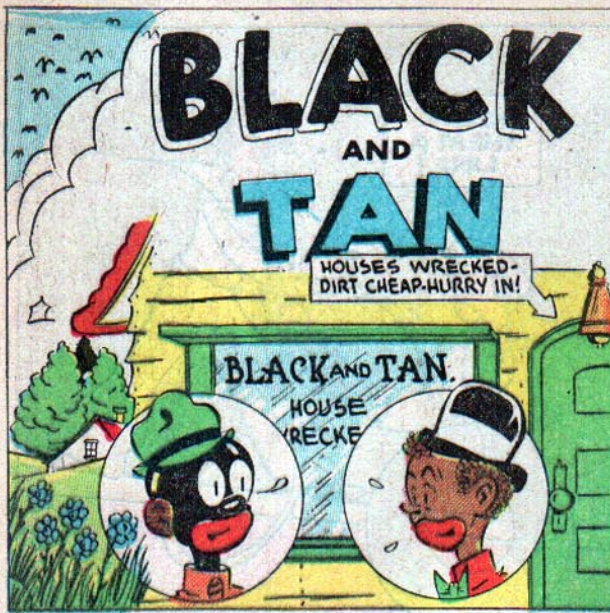


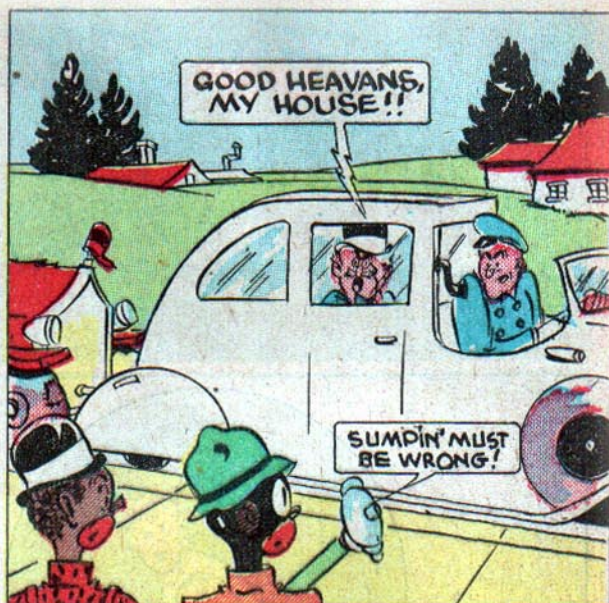
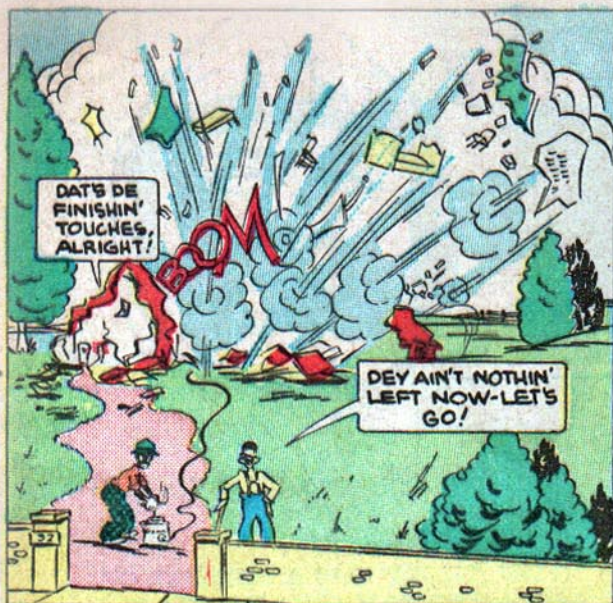






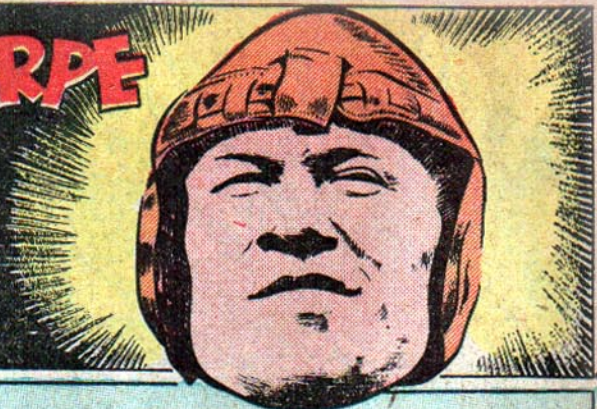






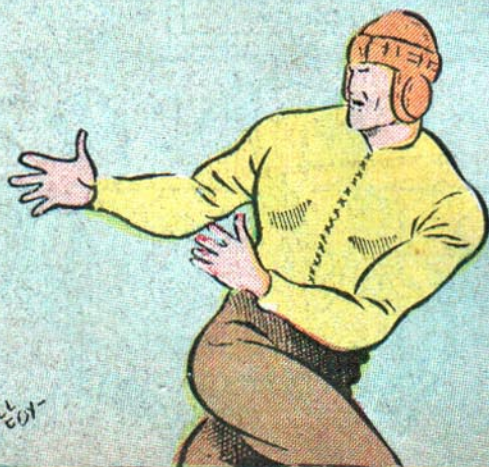
JIM THORPE

GENUINE SAC INDIAN AND ONE OF THE GREATEST ALL AROUND ATHLETES OF ALL TIME. HE WAS A TOP-NOTCHER IN SUCH SPORTS AS FOOTBALL, BASEBALL, AND ON THE TRACK.



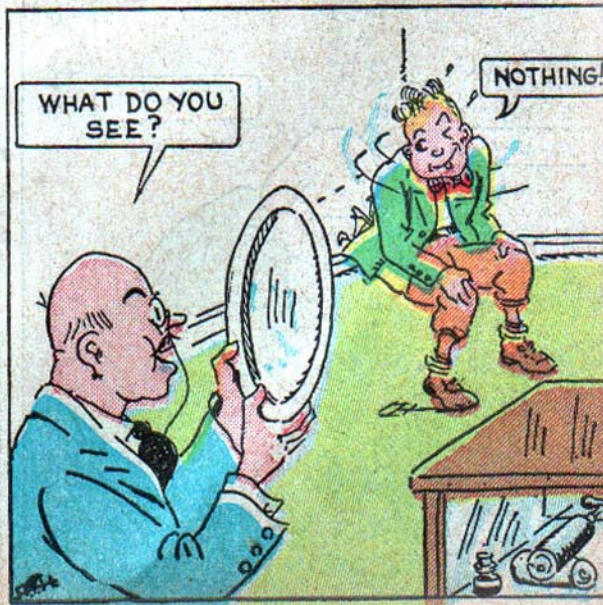
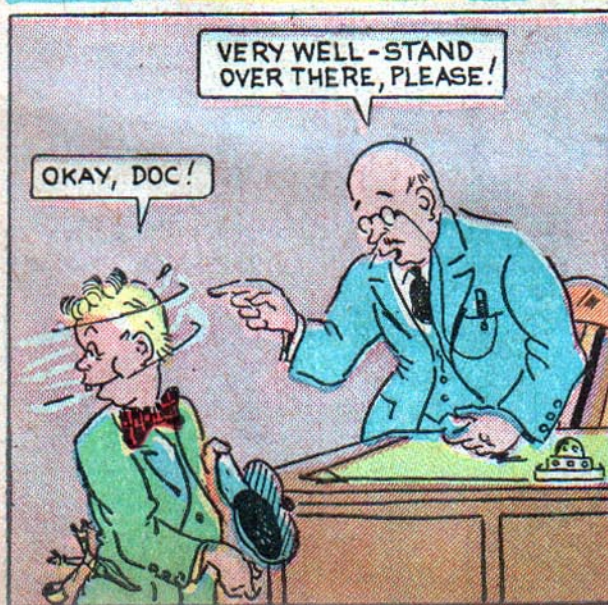
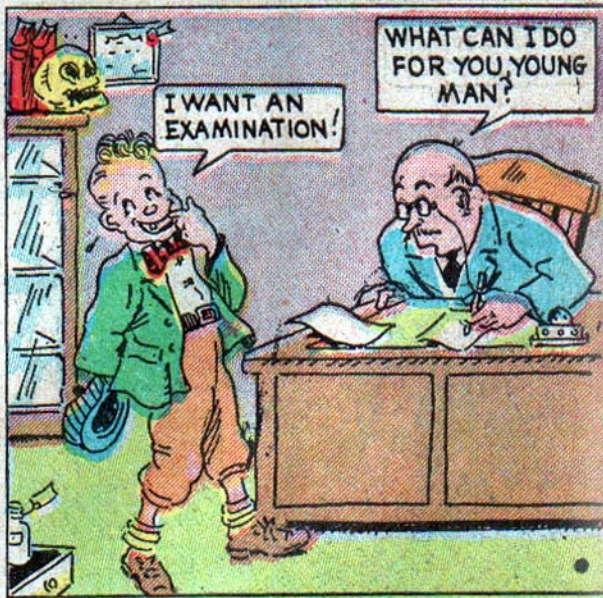
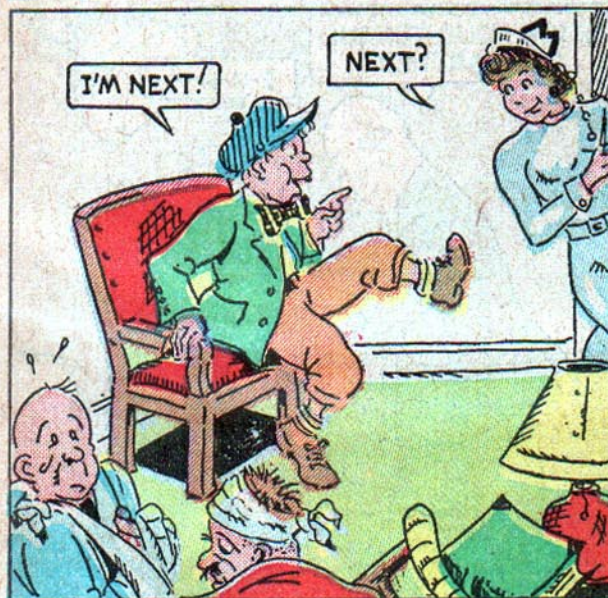
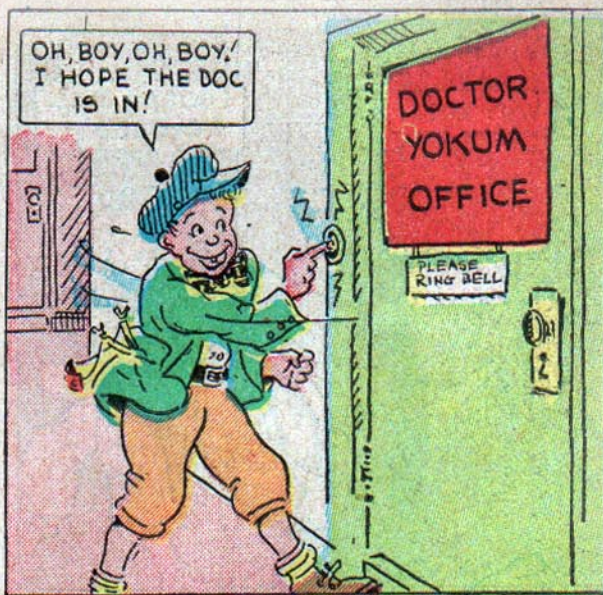
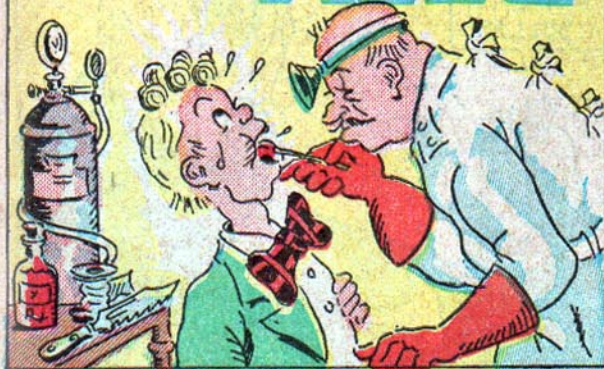
IN 1917, THORP WAS A MEMBER OF THE AMERICAN OLYMPIC TEAM COMPETING IN STOCKHOLM. HIS VICTORIES IN THE DECATHLON AND PENTATHLON SO IMPRESSED THE EUROPEANS THAT HE WAS DECORATED BY THE KING OF SWEDEN.

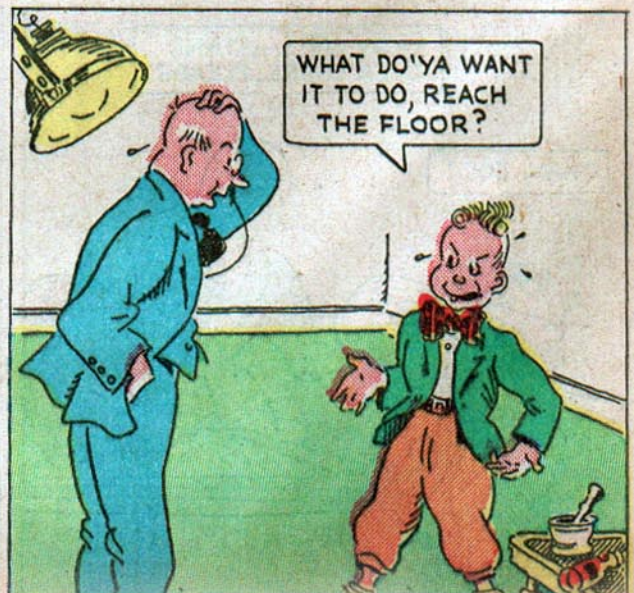
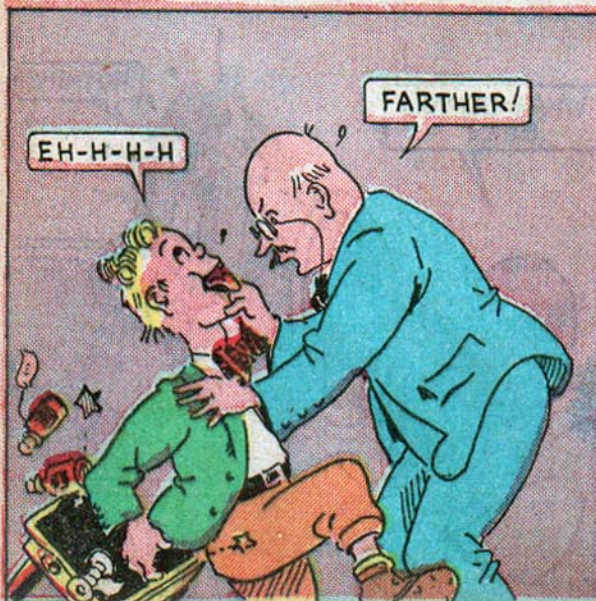
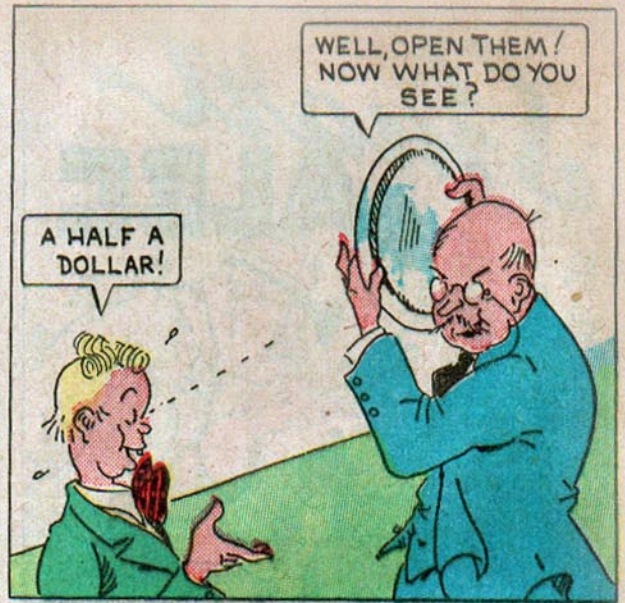
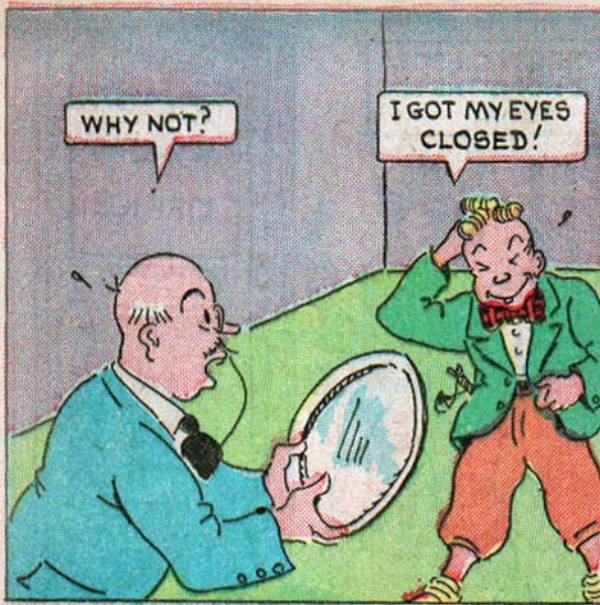
THE YEAR 1915 FOUND HIM A MEMBER OF THE GIANTS UNDER MCGRAW. IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE HE WAS ONE OF THEIR FOREMOST BASE RUNNERS.

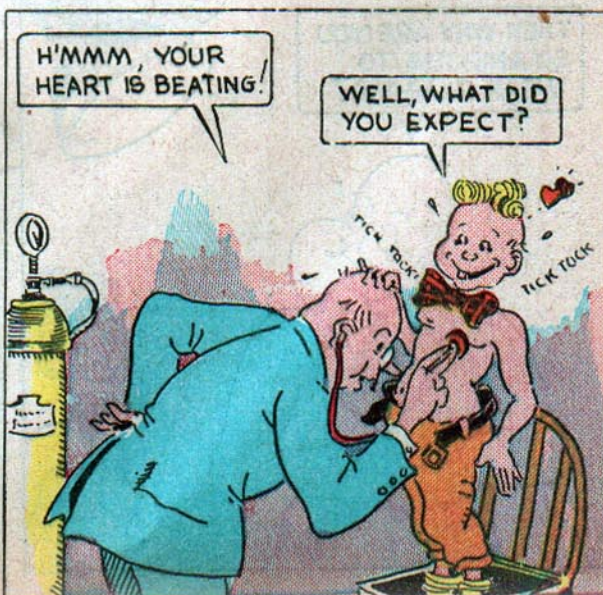
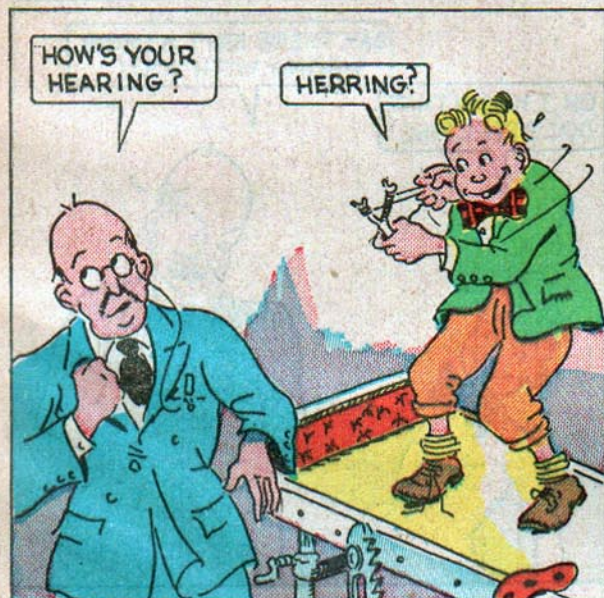
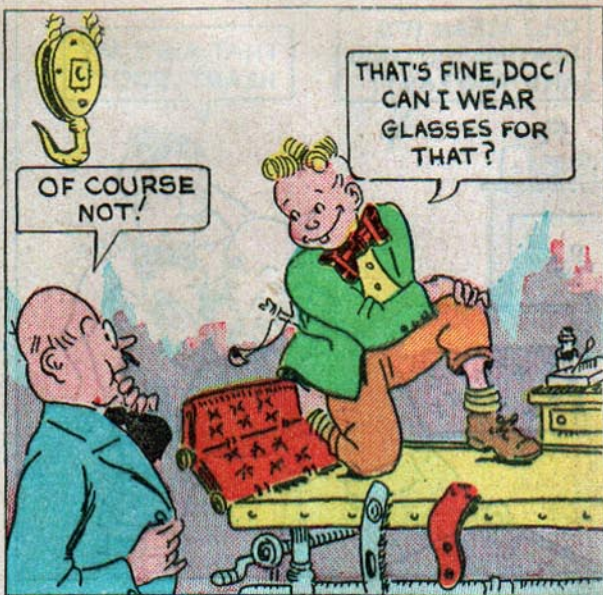
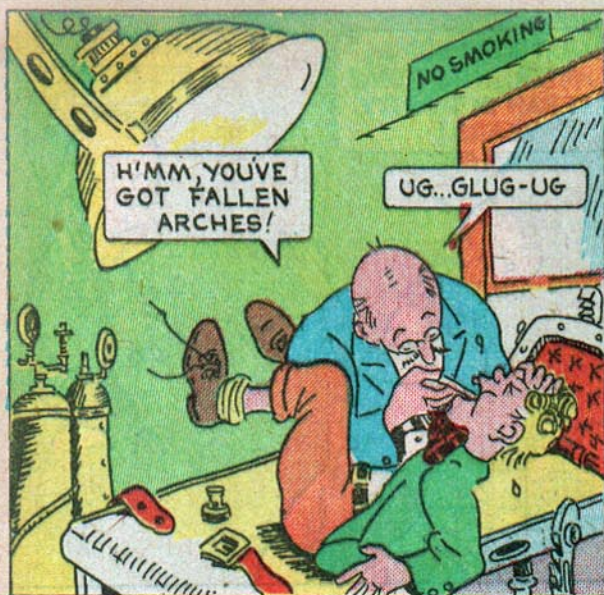


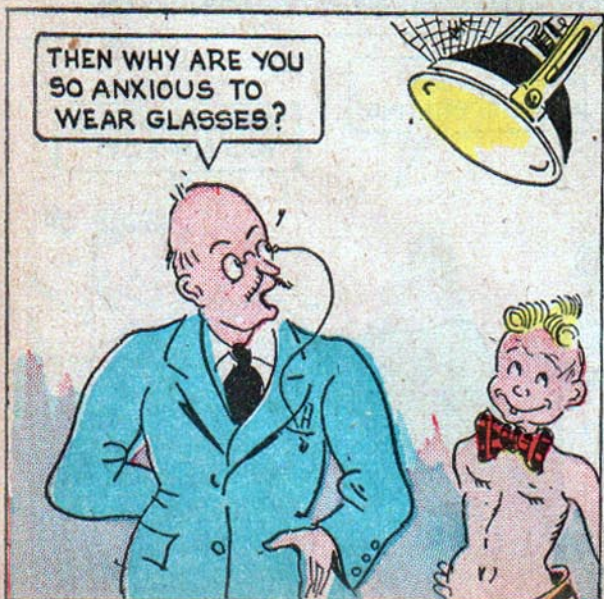
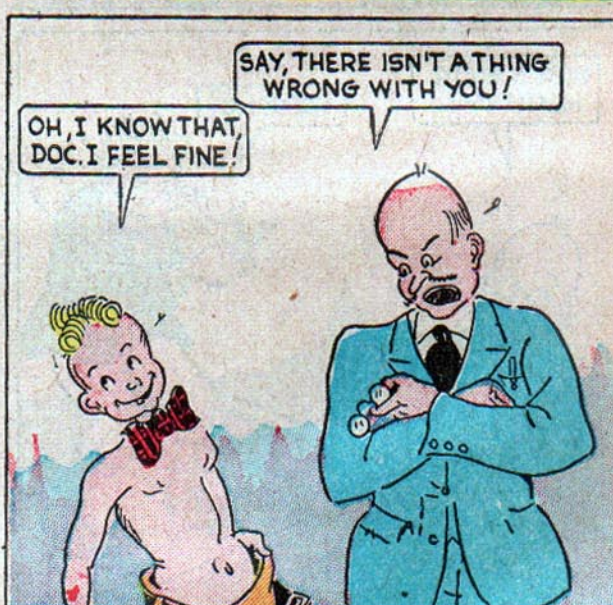
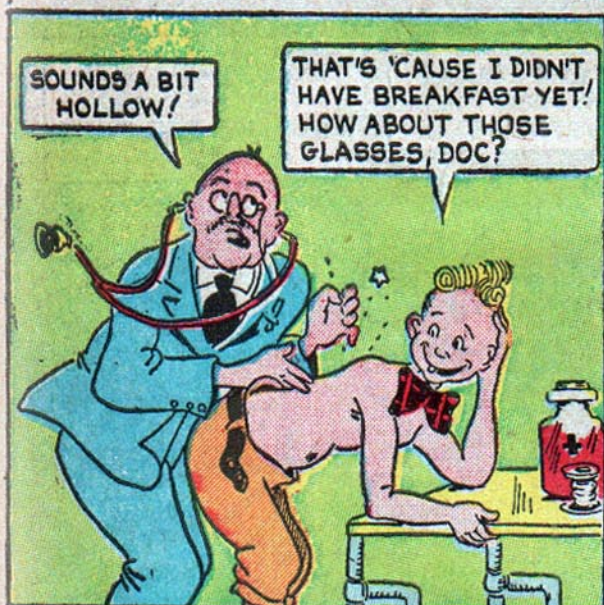
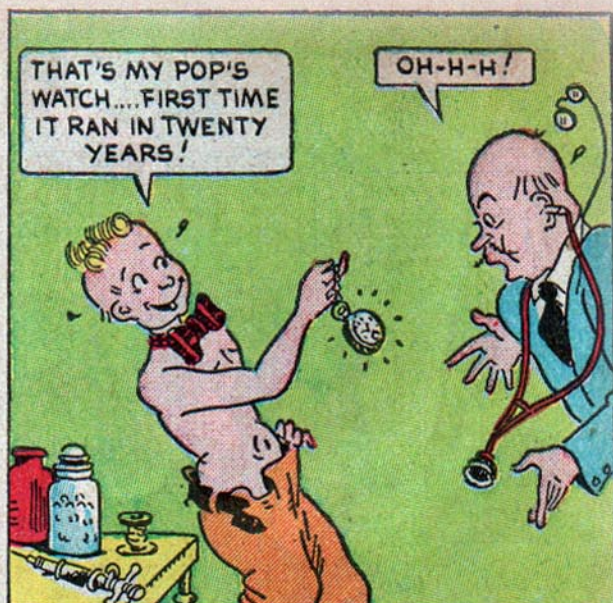
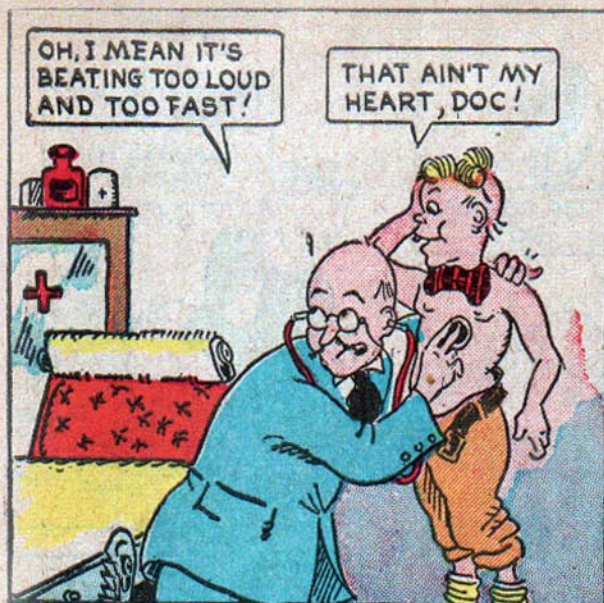
IT WAS HIS ACHIEVEMENTS IN FOOTBALL FOR WHICH HE WAS MOST NOTED. COACHED BY POP WARNER, HELPED THE CARLISLE INDIAN SCHOOL TO WIN THE CHAMPIONSHIP IN 1912, AND MADE THE ALL AMERICAN TEAM THE SAME YEAR.

Smart ALEC

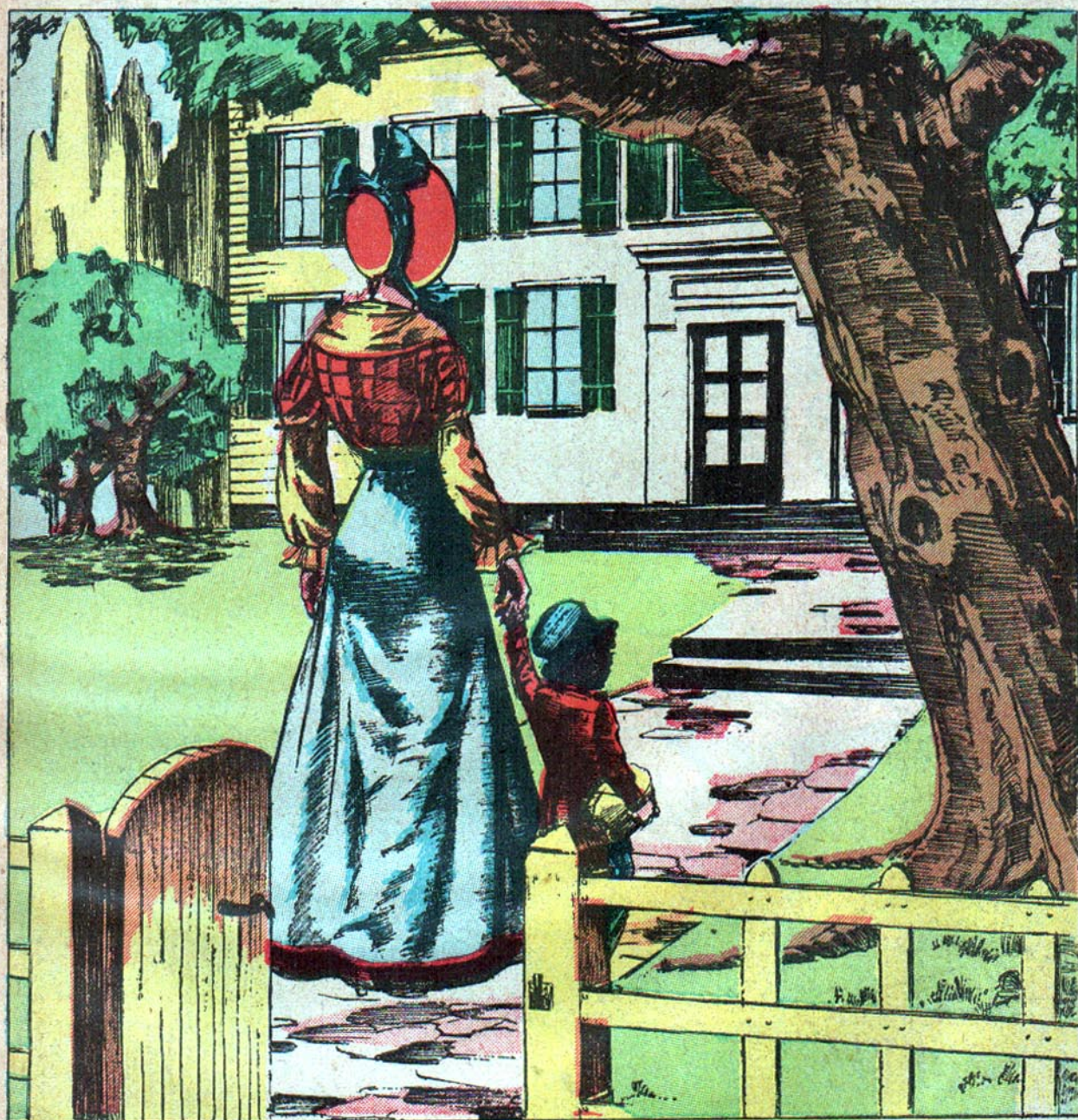








MEN OF LETTERS



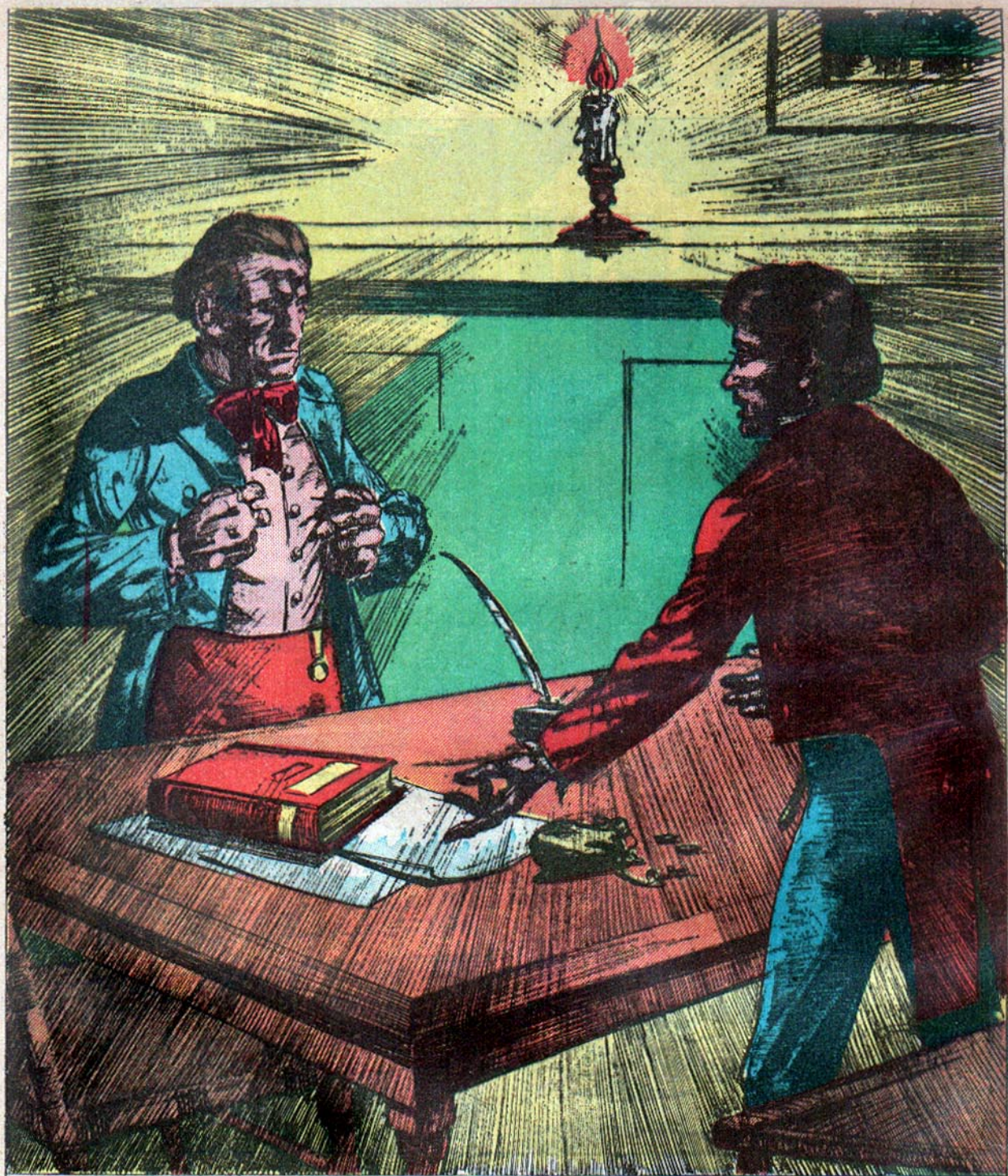
N

1809

EDGAR ALLAN POE

1849

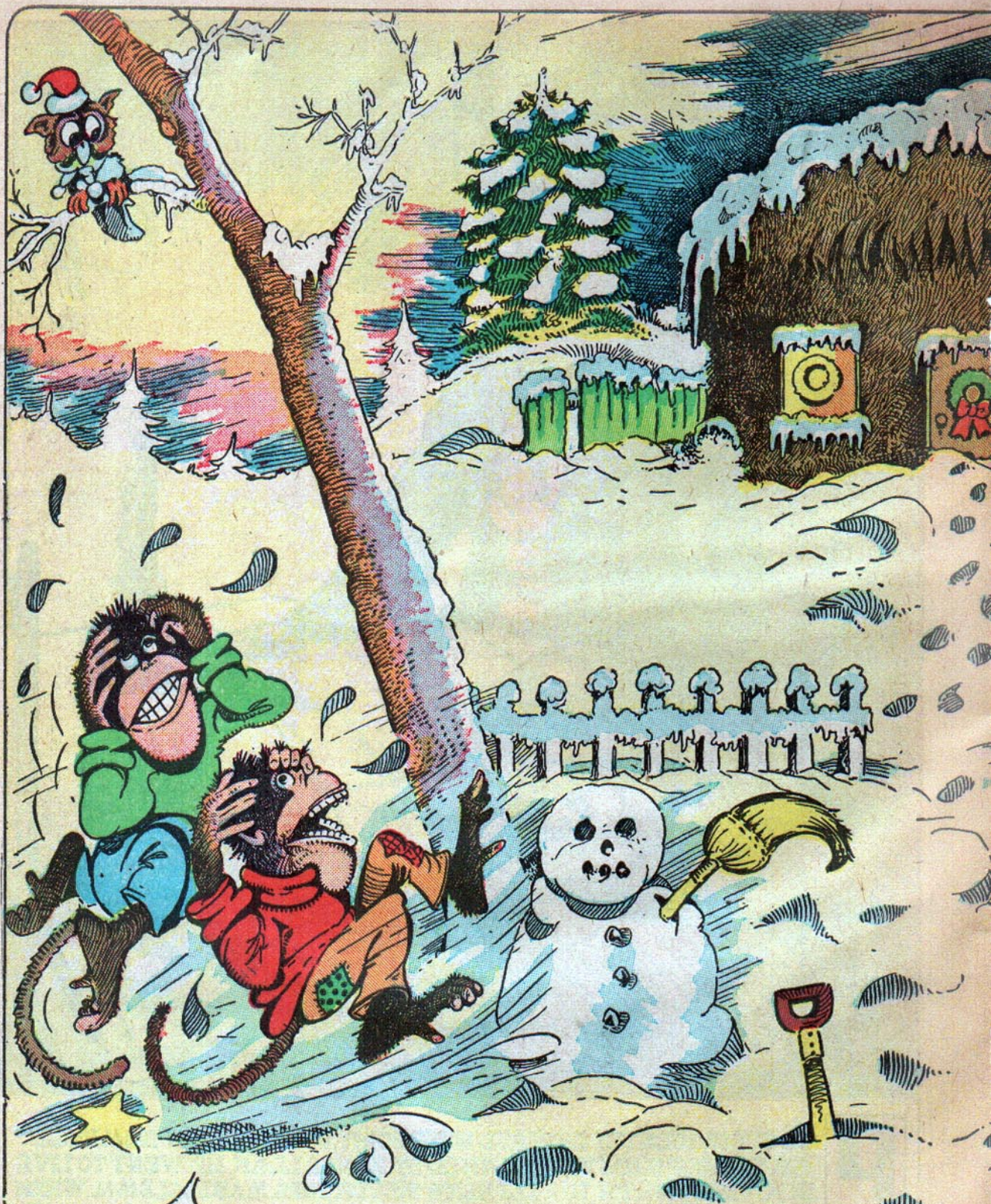
O LITERARY CAREER WAS MORE UNFORTUNATE THAN THAT OF EDGAR ALLAN POE, THE AUTHOR OF "THE GOLD BUG," "THE RAVEN," "THE NARRATIVE OF ARTHUR GORDON PYM," AND ALL TOO FEW OTHER BRILLIANT GEMS OF AMERICAN PROSE AND POETRY. A BEAUTIFUL, SENSITIVE BOY, THE SON OF POOR ACTORS, HE WAS AN ORPHAN AT THE AGE OF THREE. FOLLOWING HIS MOTHER'S DEATH, HE WAS TAKEN TO THE HOME OF FRANCES ALLAN, WIFE OF JOHN ALLAN, A PROSPEROUS RICHMOND, VIRGINIA MERCHANT.



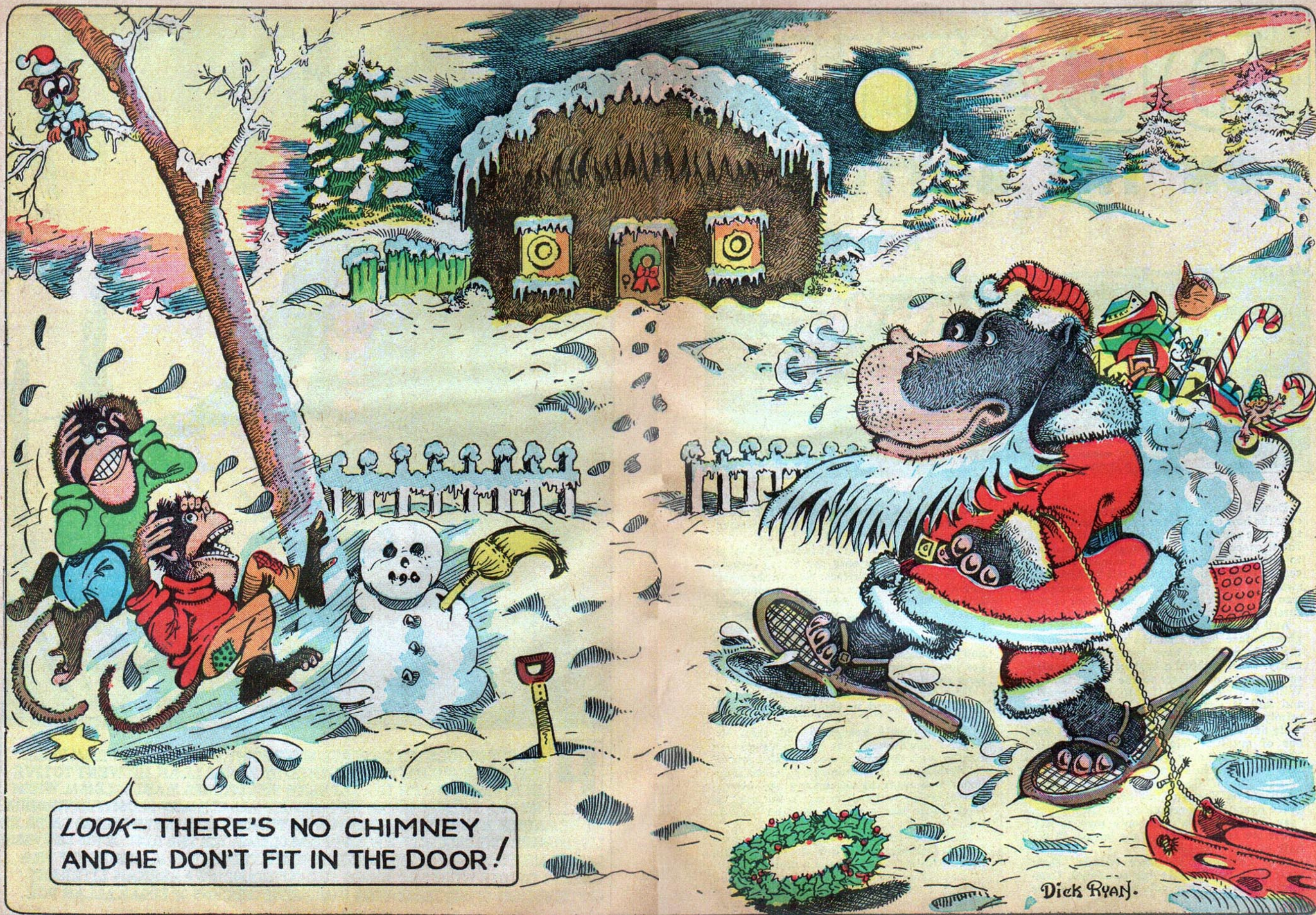
IN THE ATMOSPHERE OF THIS STERN SCOTCH HOUSEHOLD HE GREW TO YOUNG MANHOOD, BEING ALTERNATELY PAMPERED BY FRANCES ALLAN AND REPRIMANDED BY HIS GODFATHER, JOHN ALLAN, AT WHOSE STINGINESS AND EVER VIGILANT CENSURE THE SPIRITED YOUTH OFTEN REBELLED. FINALLY, TO RID HIS HOUSE OF HIS "TROUBLESOME" WARD, JOHN ALLAN SENT POE TO THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, ALLOWING HIM INSUFFICIENT MONEY FOR HIS ACTUAL NECESSITIES. POE TOOK TO GAMBLING TO PAY HIS DEBTS AND FINALLY WAS FORCED TO LEAVE THE UNIVERSITY.



POE SUBSEQUENTLY ENTERED WEST POINT, BUT WAS SOON DISMISSED FOR INSUBORDINATION. DISOWNED BY JOHN ALLAN, HE WENT TO LIVE IN POVERTY WITH HIS FATHER'S SISTER, MRS. MARIA CLEMM. WHEN HE WAS TWENTY-SEVEN HE MARRIED MRS. CLEMM'S DAUGHTER, VIRGINIA. HE REMAINED A DEVOTED HUSBAND UNTIL VIRGINIA DIED ELEVEN YEARS LATER. HE LIVED UNDER THE PROTECTIVE WING OF MRS. CLEMM FOR THE REST OF HIS LIFE, WHICH LASTED BUT TWO YEARS AFTER HIS WIFE'S DEATH. THOUGH THE MAN HIMSELF WAS UNABLE TO COPE WITH THE WORLD, THE OUTSTANDING AMERICAN LITERARY CONTRIBUTIONS OF THE PERIOD WERE IMAGINATIVE CREATIONS OF EDGAR ALLAN POE.



LOOK- THERE'S NO CHIMNEY
AND HE DON'T FIT IN THE DOOR!



LOOK—THERE'S NO CHIMNEY
AND HE DON'T FIT IN THE DOOR!

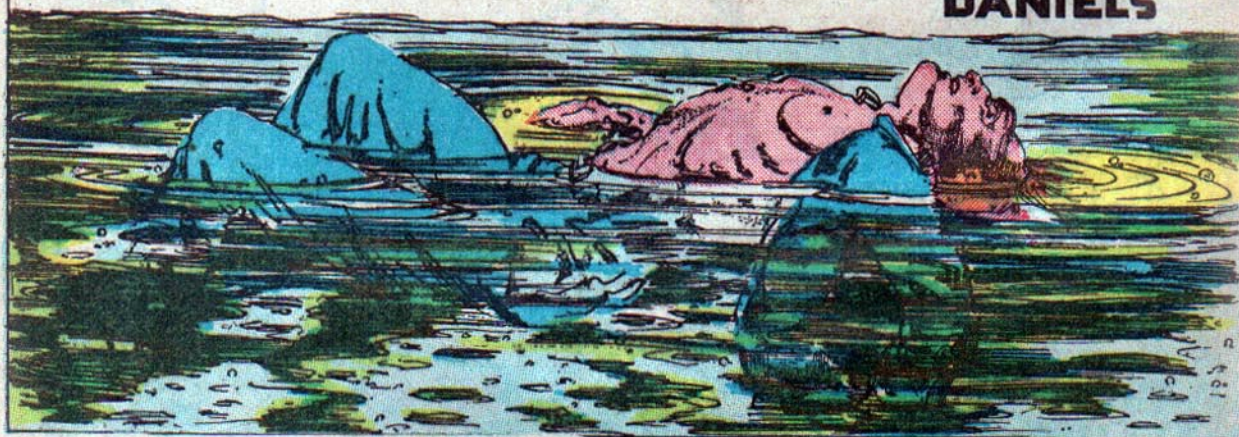
Dick RYAN.



Dick RYAN.

DEATH ON THE BOTTOM

By
**NORMAN
DANIELS**



David Dean, intrepid adventurer, leaned over the bow of the motor launch and watched the white caps intently. A call from the Naval Intelligence Service had brought him rushing to the submarine testing grounds. After a consultation with Navy Officials he had been sworn in as a special agent. They needed a man who wasn't known to be a member of the Intelligence Service.

And it was Dave Dean who saw the white ghostly face first. Had the sea been rough, the body wouldn't have been discovered so easily. Dean grabbed a boat hook and gently eased the corpse closer to the motor launch. Willing hands lifted it into the gunwales and laid it gently down. Dean's face was grimly set and his fists clenched.

He drew a sharp breath. "Jay Connors was one of my best friends," he said quietly. "That was the only reason I consented to help you. Now he's dead."

"Easy, Dean." Commander Rollins, in command of the Eastern Unit of Naval Intelligence operation moved closer to Dean's side. "Jay Connors wasn't the only man to die. There are seven others on the bottom in the hulk of that submarine."

"But Connors and I were friends," Dean went on doggedly. "He was murdered, Commander. Murdered in cold blood. I know he was."

Commander Rollins frowned and the end of his cigar glowed brightly as he took a tremendous puff on it.

"I won't say as to that. It is strange though that Connors is the only one of the trapped men to come to the surface. How in the world did he get out of that sub unless somebody left the hatch open? And if that happened, we have another question. How did the six others get away? Elisha Abbott—the inventor of that submarine, his navigator, engineer and three members of the crew were able to get into the air lock and get out before she sank too deeply."

Dean was kneeling beside the body of his friend. He pointed to the dead man's right hand.

"It's smashed! Somebody did that, sir. Why, I don't know, but before we go any further with this case, I want to ask a favor."

"Nothing doing," Commander Rollins snapped. "You want to accompany the experimental cruise of the sister sub to the one that went down last night. I can't let you do that."

Dean stood looking down at the body of his friend. Commander Rollins stroked his chin thoughtfully. Then he made a decision.

"I've changed my mind. It's your job if you want it. I think we may be wrong in assuming the S-38 sank because of sabotage. There

could have been some technical fault. Even Abbott admits that."

"Maybe," Dean said grimly, "but I want to be sure. Thank you, sir—for the opportunity."

Dave Dean adjusted his uniform hat and scanned himself in the mirror before he left his hotel room. He was dressed as a Lieutenant of the United States Navy. His position aboard the S-39 was that of naval observer from the Pacific Fleet.

Elisha Abbott he found to be a preoccupied, nervous old man worn to a near breakdown by his narrow escape from death and the loss of his submarine. With him in his office were two of his men. Bainter was the navigator and Capen the engineer. They too were shaken from their ghastly experience. Bainter explained to Dave what had happened.

"We had submerged. I had just closed the hatch of the conning tower, but I had left the inner hatch open, which saved our lives. We went down about twenty fathoms, I think. Then the sub listed to port badly. Things began to fly around the control room. I ran for the hatch. Water began to seep in. I took command. The men forward were able to get into the air lock under the hatch and get out. I wanted to look for the other poor devils, but there wasn't time. That sub was doomed and I knew it."

Dave nodded sadly. "She may have struck a submerged wreck. We'll know if they ever float her again. How about the S-39? Has she been checked?"

"Perfectly," Bainter said. "I went over the

whole ship myself. So did your own navy engineers and Mr. Abbott, too. This one won't sink. It'll be too bad if she does. Abbott has worked for years perfecting these subs."

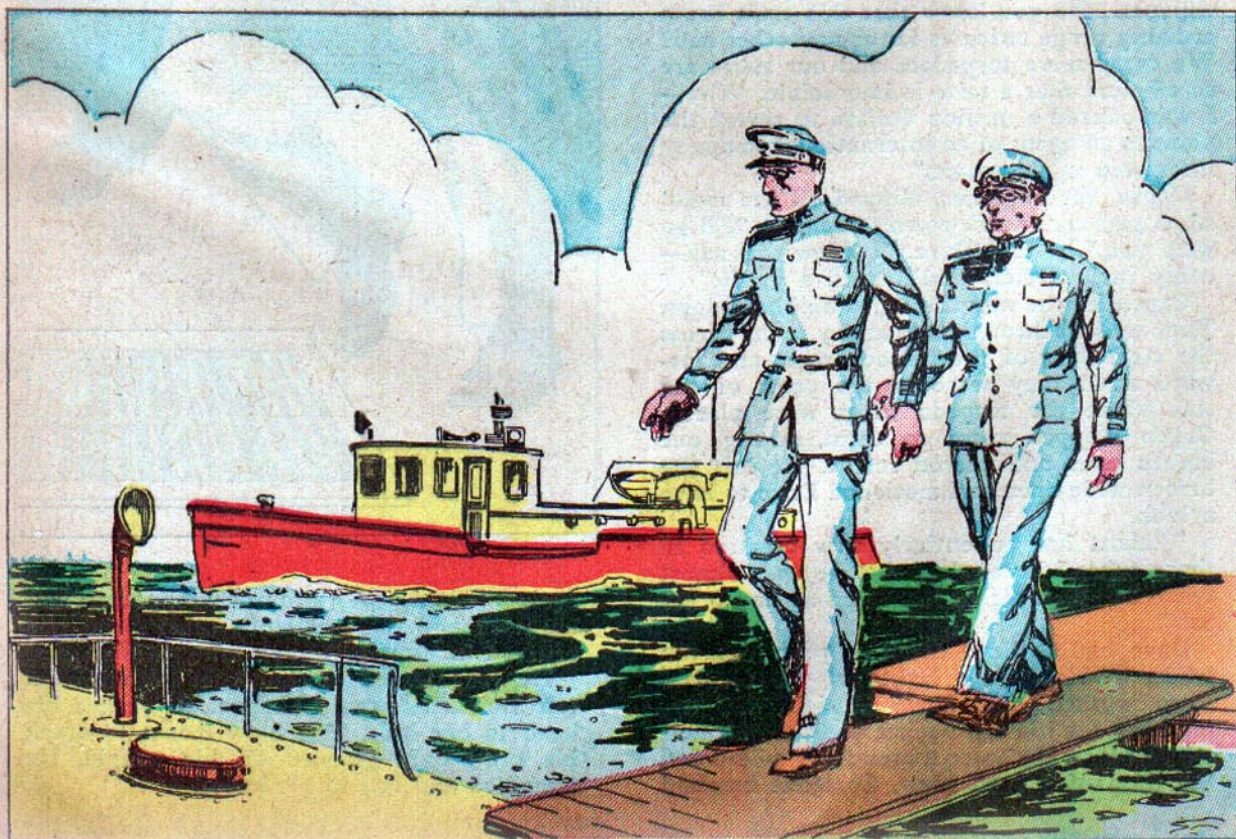
Dave was one of the last to board the sleek submarine as it lay just out of dry dock. He walked across a narrow gangplank and stepped to the bridge. A navy cutter stood by, ready to sail in the wake of the sub. Three navy officers came aboard. They had been warned to expect Dave and the men exchanged salutes and greetings. One of them, Commander Evans, took Dave aside.

"What do you think of it?" he asked. "Was the sinking of the S-38 an accident?"

"I don't know, sir," Dave said. "It looks very odd. The ship had been checked and nothing was wrong when she submerged. Abbott has worried for months over the possibilities of spies getting aboard and stealing his secrets. It may be that a bomb was planted to blow the sub up, but I don't see the advantage of destroying the sub unless Abbott's plans have been copied and this craft we're on now is a duplicate of the first. A spy would have to destroy both."

"Which," the navy officer remarked slowly, "is what I'm afraid of. Got to go below. Better come along. They'll be closing the main hatch soon."

Dave went below. He had been on submarines before, but he had never experienced the same feeling that possessed him when the hatch closed with a grim thud of finality.



Dave could almost feel the fanning breeze of Death as the hatch was closed.

Bainter, in the control room, shouted an order through his phone.

"All hatches closed! Ready to submerge! Open number five port main ballast. Open number nine starboard main ballast."

The submarine began to move. The floor slanted forward a little. They were nosing down. Bainter spun the periscope, looking for craft that might be approaching. He saw only the cutter standing by and barked further orders. More ballast tanks were flooded. The Diesel motors pumped air from the reservoir and the sleek submarine's keel leveled off. Abbott, trembling like a leaf in the wind, walked across the control room and took over the operation of the sub.

"I can't understand it," Abbott said for the tenth time. "I went over the S-38 from stem to stern. There wasn't a thing wrong with it. Somebody must have opened a hatch or smashed a hole in the side of the craft. She flooded in three minutes."

"It must have been an accident," Dave tried to reassure the old man. "Tell you what I'll do—I'll search this ship now. How many men are aboard?"

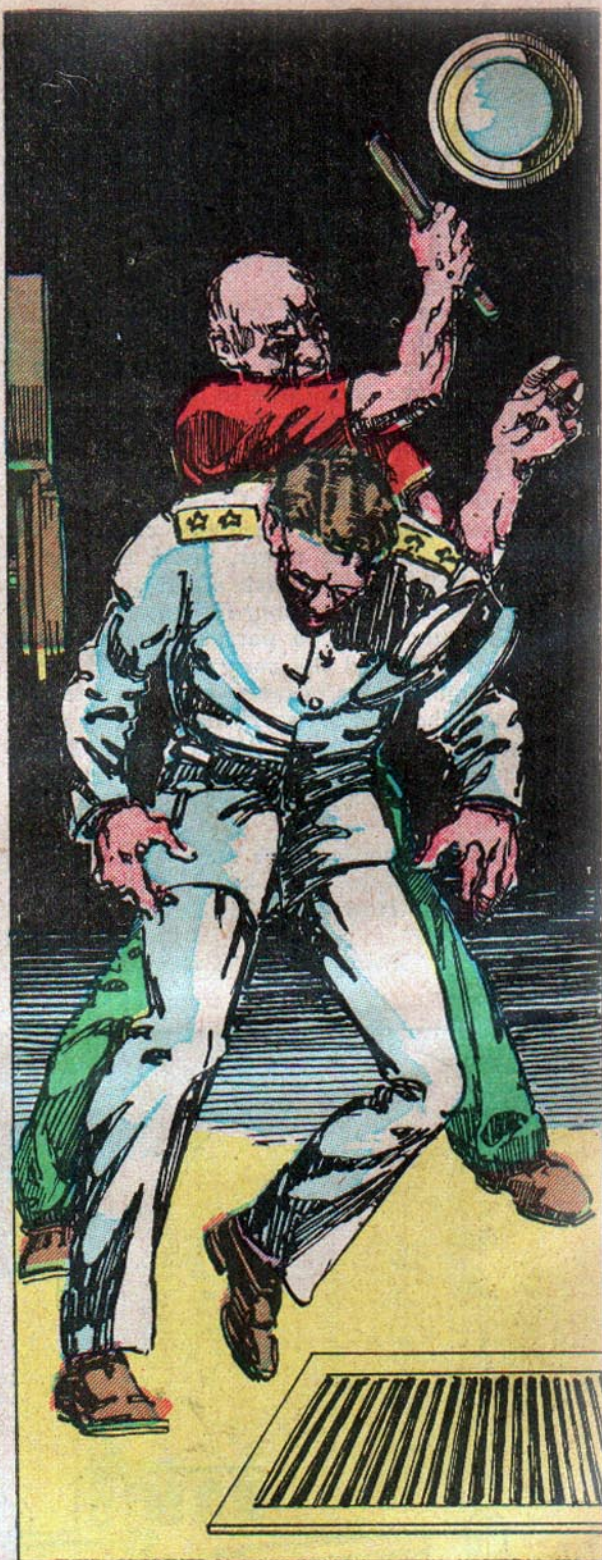
"Besides ourselves, seven men," Abbott said. "Just enough to operate the craft. Be careful, young man. The sinking of the S-38 was not an accident. I know it wasn't. There were spies aboard—or they fixed that ship to sink before we submerged. They don't want the United States to have this sub. Every foreign nation in the world wants to learn its secret." His voice dropped to a whisper. "Do you know that this craft has a cruising range twice as far as any other sub? We carry more torpedoes and our tubes are so efficient that a miss is impossible. Why—I was offered a million dollars to reveal the plans to an agent of an international company interested in war craft."

Capen, the engineer, slipped off the metal stool near the engine room telephone. "I'll go with you," he told Dave. "I know this sub—every inch of her. You'll need a guide."

Capen led the way through a bulkhead door. They walked through the battery room, across the steel floor of the torpedo room and forward until they were in the prow of the sub where the torpedo tubes were placed. Capen stepped close to them, swung one breech open and peered inside. He left the breech wide open and motioned Dave to have a look.

"Abbott has an entirely new creation in those tubes," he explained. "He uses almost twice as much air to fire them as any other sub."

Dave had to bend down to peer into the tubes. Suddenly the lights in the torpedo room winked out. Dave straightened up, reaching for his hip pocket and the gun holstered there. He heard a crunching sound and the thud of a hard blow. Someone brushed



against him. A burly arm was wrapped around his neck and the assailant's other hand was utilized in pinning Dave's arms to his sides.

He was released a second later and intuition told him what would happen. He jerked his head to one side. The blow meant to crack his skull only glanced off his temple. He stumbled and fell to his knees.



His assailant used his feet. One shoe clipped Dave a savage kick alongside the head. He fell flat against the cold bottom of the sub. Dazed, he couldn't resist when he felt himself picked up. There was a slight creaking sound. He knew what that was. The breech of the torpedo tube was being opened wider. Feet first, he was thrust into the tube. Thoughts of the horrible death that would

follow brought Dave back to his senses. He knew that the moment the breech closed, air would hiss into the tube. There would be a click and he would become a human projectile, launched into the sea thirty or forty fathoms below the surface. Compression would kill him instantly.

He grabbed the round edge of the tube and hung on, desperately fighting for strength. He heard the killer mutter beneath his breath. The breech of the tube swung shut and Dave almost screamed aloud at the agony when the heavy piece of metal closed on his hand.

With a last effort he pushed against the breech. Sheer desperation lent him added strength. He managed to get both arms through. The killer growled curses, swung the breech wide and prepared to slam it home. He stood a foot away. Dave drew back one arm as far as he could and shot a powerful blow to the pit of the stomach that loomed up in the darkness before him. The killer groaned, doubled up and backed away a step or two. Hastily Dave squirmed out of the tube.

He heard someone run lightly across the steel floor. At the other end of the sub, the members of the crew were shouting in fear. Then the lights flashed on mysteriously. Dave dragged himself across the floor toward a body that lay crumbled in a heap against the wall. It was Capen, the engineer. He stirred as Dave approached.

"W—what happened?" He stroked a lump on his head. "I—I was struck—just after the lights went out."

"So was I," Dave said brusquely. "And I was stuck into that torpedo tube you so handily opened. It was only pure luck that I'm not shooting through the water this minute. Did you see anything of the man who hit you?"

"All I saw was stars," Capen struggled to his feet and patted the lump on his head tenderly. "Who put out the lights is what I want to know."

"Let's go back to the control room," Dave suggested. "And watch yourself from now on. Whoever tried to kill us may try again."

Dave nursed his right hand as he walked behind Capen. There was a blue welt across the back of it. Suddenly Dave drew a sharp breath. Jay Connors' hand had been smashed—just as his own would have been crushed had the killer swung the breech home. Connors had been thrust into one of the torpedo tubes on the S-38, but his attempts to save himself had gone for nothing. The killer had slammed the breech closed, turned on the air and fired his human projectile into the water.

Dave could feel tiny beads of perspiration form on the back of his neck. The killer wouldn't stop now. He had to sink this sub.

The crew in the battery room were white with fear. Dave lined them up, questioned each one and learned that all had been in the battery room when the lights winked off.



He hurried to the control room. Abbott, hardly able to walk through terror, was tottering toward the telephones. Bainter, the navigator, was at the periscope.

"We can't stay down here," Bainter said tensely. "We'll all be killed. Those lights didn't go off for nothing."

"You're right they didn't," Capen put in. "Somebody slugged me and tried to use Lieutenant Dean as a torpedo."

"Was everyone in this room when the lights went out?" Dave demanded.

Commander Evans spoke first. "No one except myself was in here. The others were on an inspection tour of the number one port ballast tank. Abbott was showing them around."

Abbott raised his worried face and looked into Dave's steady eyes.

"You—you don't think I did it?" he asked in a quavering voice. "You don't think I—I tried to kill you?"

"Somebody did," Dave snapped. "And whoever it was may try again. In case this sub sinks, are there any means of escaping from it?"

Bainter, the navigator, stepped from his post at the periscope.

"Those who may be near the main hatch can get into it, one at a time. We can shoot air into it to hold back the sea when the top hatch is opened. It takes two minutes for each man to be released."

"And you are equipped with safety lungs,

nose clips and all the other provisions meant to save the life of the man on his way to the surface?"

"Of course," Bainter said. "Every person aboard is provided with the lungs and clips. Yours is on that bench over there, Lieutenant. Sorry—I meant to point it out when you came aboard."

Dave walked over to the bench. There were a dozen of the devices meant to save the lives of anyone trapped on the sub. He picked one up at random. It bore a tag with the name of Abbott on it.



"I think we ought to put it back," Abbott said nervously. "I—I'm an old man. I couldn't stand another trip back to the surface with one of those lungs on."

"Nonsense," Capen interjected. "If there is a killer aboard, he won't try to sink this sub unless he is certain he can get away himself. I move that all those safety lungs be kept under guard. Without one, the man who attacked Lieutenant Connors and me would hardly dare to try any sabotage."

Dave turned around with one of the masks in his hand. "There isn't much use in depending on these," he announced bluntly. "All but two of them are ruined. The air tubes have been stopped up on some, broken on others. Should anyone try to reach the surface with one of these over his mouth, he'd drown before he was halfway up if the compression didn't get him first."

(To be continued)

His Highness

LOUIS, THE BOY KING OF KASPIANA, HAS BEEN KIDNAPED BY REVOLUTIONARIES. CAPTAIN ERIC HAGERT MUST FIND THE KING OR PAY WITH HIS LIFE TO APPEASE AMBITIOUS CHANCELLOR VON STRUMEN



CALL OUT THE GUARD! POUR THE ENTIRE ARMY INTO THE CITY! SEARCH EVERY HOUSE! PATROL EVERY EXIT!

TO DO SO WILL LEAVE THE PALACE AND THE ARSENAL UNPROTECTED, CHANCELLOR.



CALL THEM OUT, I TELL YOU! BEAT THEM DOWN SO THEY CAN'T REACH THE ARSENAL!

I SHALL GO AT ONCE!



STRUTT, YOU ARE TO KEEP THE ARMY HIDDEN WITHIN THE PALACE GROUNDS. I SHALL BE ABSENT FOR A SHORT TIME

YES, SIR

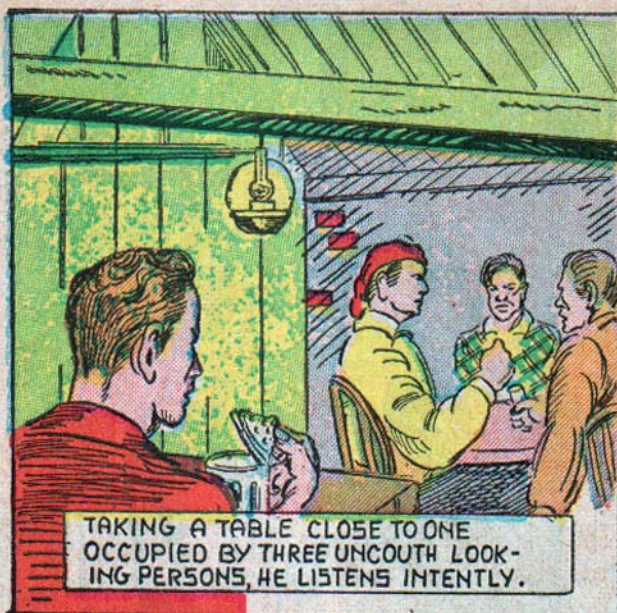
ERIC ACTS DIRECTLY AGAINST THE CHANCELLOR'S ORDERS...



... AND LEAVES THE PALACE IN THE DISGUISE OF A BEGGAR



HE GOES STRAIGHT TO THE SLUMS, HOPING THEREBY TO FIND SOME TRACE OF HIS KING'S WHEREABOUTS.



TAKING A TABLE CLOSE TO ONE OCCUPIED BY THREE UNCOUTH LOOKING PERSONS, HE LISTENS INTENTLY.



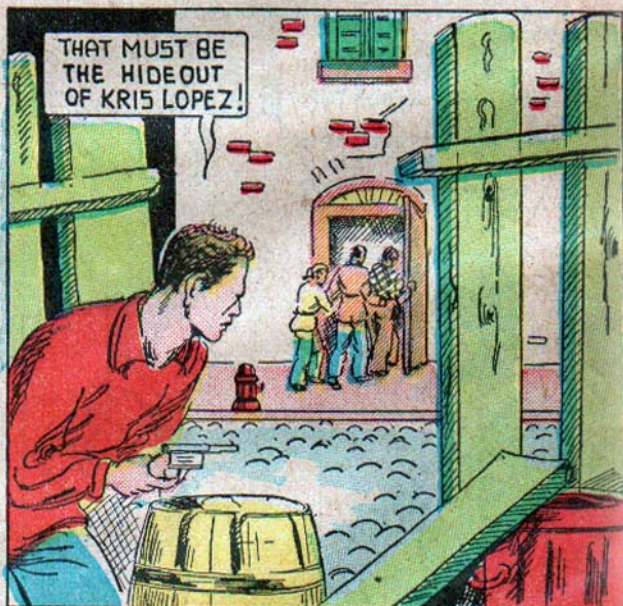
WE STRIKE TONIGHT, MEN. AT MIDNIGHT!

YES. FIRST WE GO TO KRIS LOPEZ'S PLACE TO WATCH THE KING DIE...

LET US BE OFF, THEN...



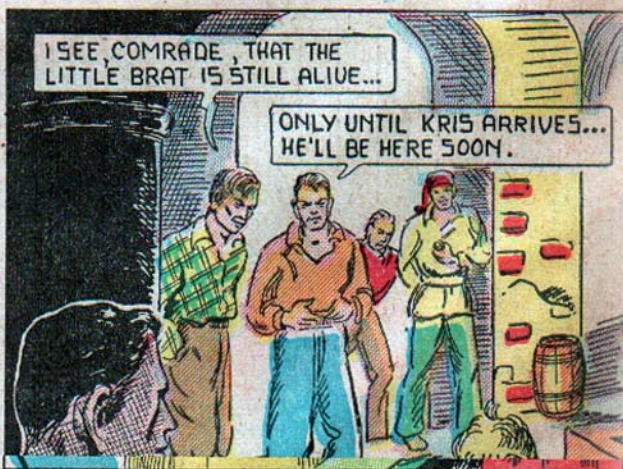
ERIC FOLLOWS THE THREE MEN TO THE STREET.



THAT MUST BE THE HIDEOUT OF KRIS LOPEZ!

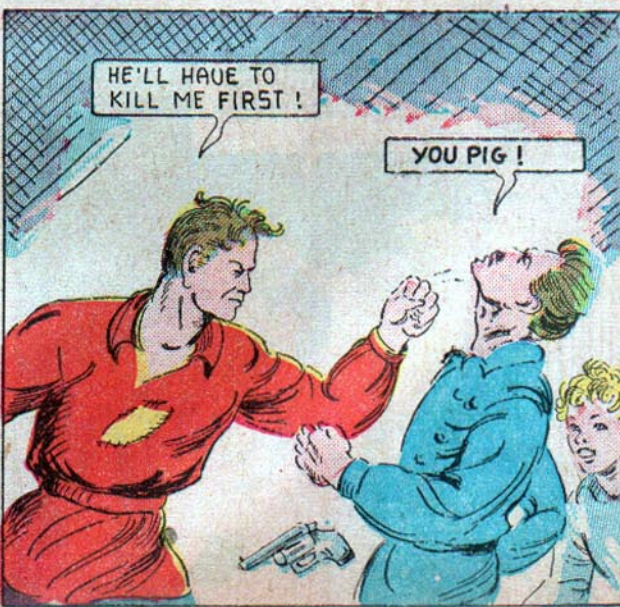
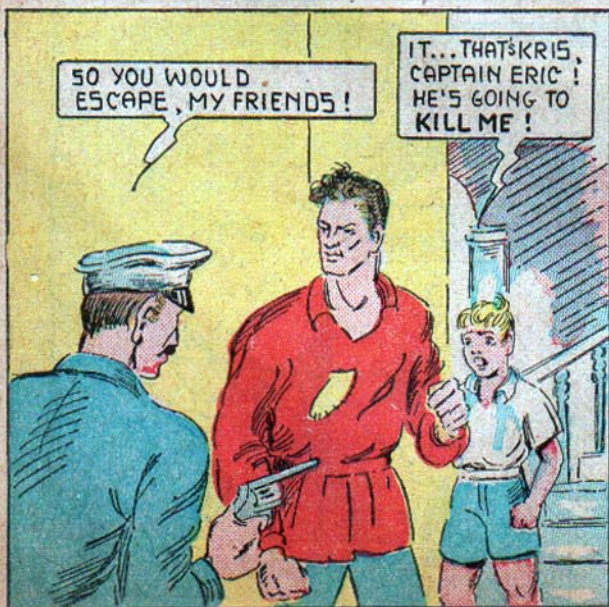


THERE THEY ARE... GOING TO THE CELLAR!



I SEE, COMRADE, THAT THE LITTLE BRAT IS STILL ALIVE...

ONLY UNTIL KRIS ARRIVES... HE'LL BE HERE SOON.





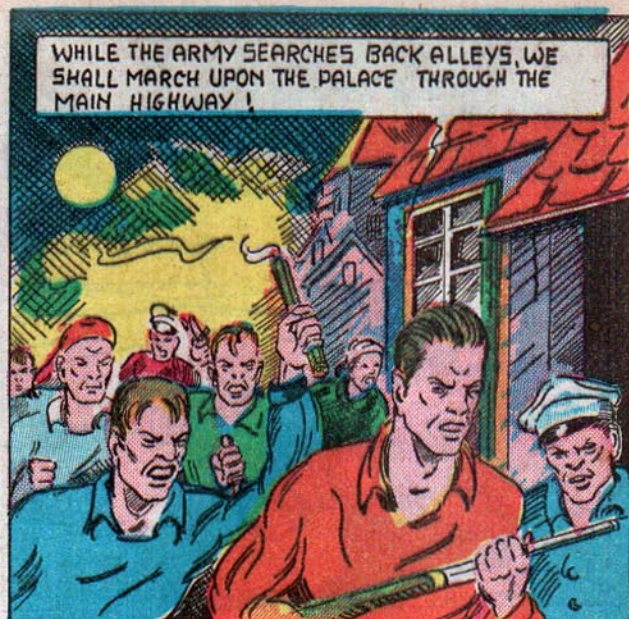


THE TIME TO STRIKE HAS COME ! THERE IS WORD THAT THE ARMY OF THE KING HAS LEFT THE ARSENAL UNGUARDED !

LET US GO !

DOWN WITH THE KING !

REVENGE !

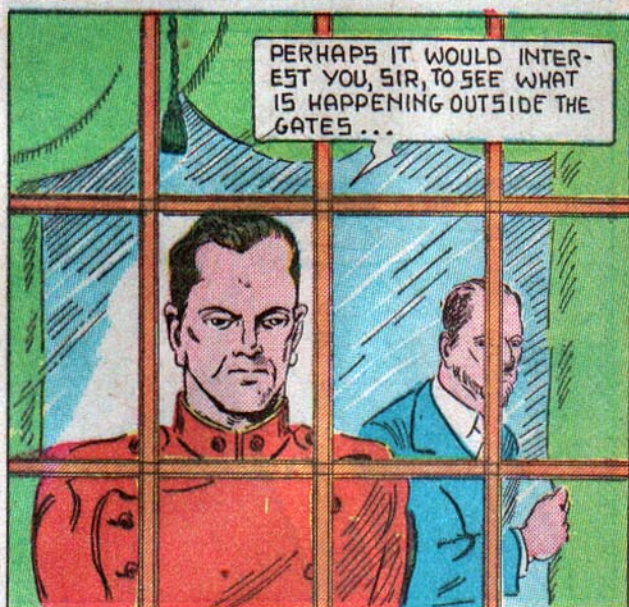


WHILE THE ARMY SEARCHES BACK ALLEYS, WE SHALL MARCH UPON THE PALACE THROUGH THE MAIN HIGHWAY !



I SAW THE ARMY LEAVING, CHANCELLOR VON STRUMEN. NO DOUBT YOU HAVE LEARNED THAT I ACTED AGAINST YOUR ORDERS.

YOU WILL TURN IN YOUR UNIFORM. YOU ARE UNDER ARREST!



PERHAPS IT WOULD INTEREST YOU, SIR, TO SEE WHAT IS HAPPENING OUTSIDE THE GATES ...



IT'S A REVOLUTION ! THE WHOLE COUNTRY IS TURNING AGAINST THE KING !

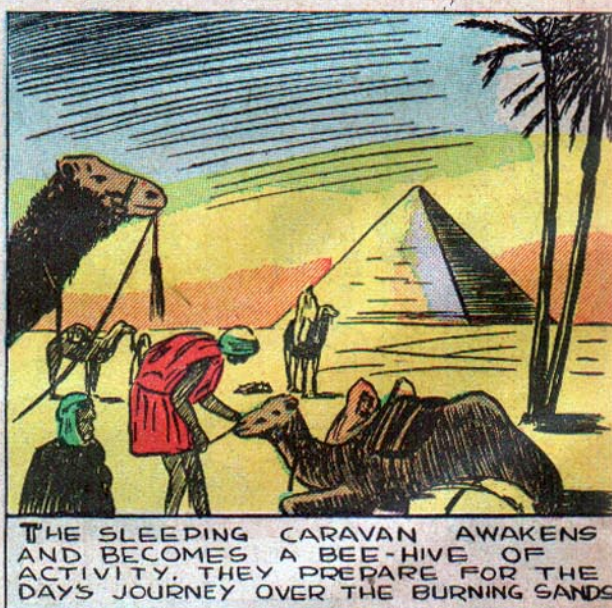
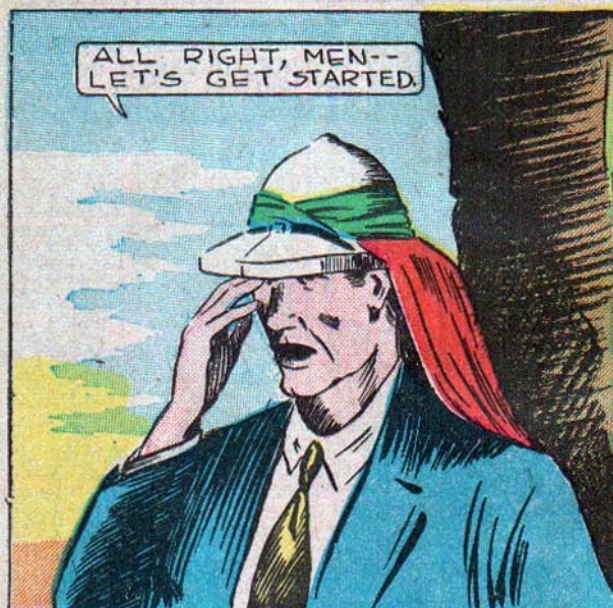
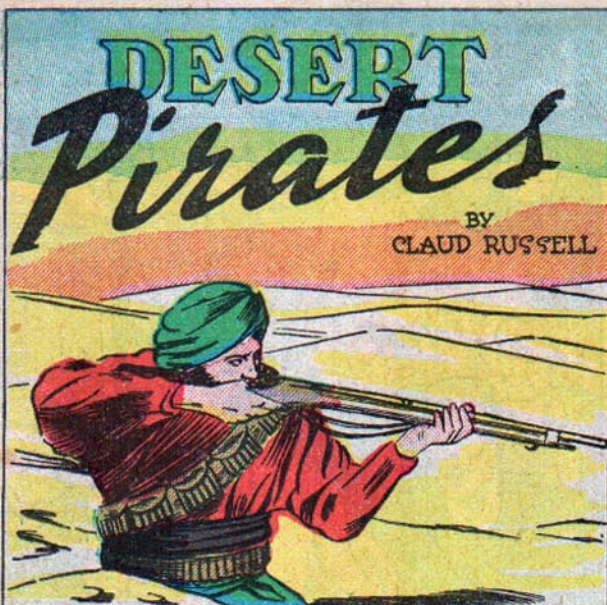


THEY'LL KILL ME, CAPTAIN ! THEY'LL KILL ALL OF US ! YOU MUST SAVE ME ! SAVE ME, SIR !

CHANCELLOR VON STRUMEN, YOU HAVE TIED MY HANDS BY SENDING THE ARMY AWAY, BUT I WILL TRY !

CLAIRE S. MOE

WHAT CAN ONE MAN DO AGAINST A SEETHING MOB ? CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE



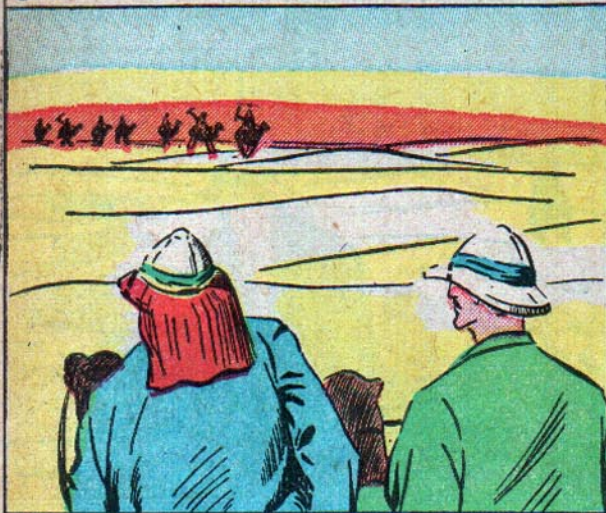
THE SLEEPING CARAVAN AWAKENS AND BECOMES A BEE-HIVE OF ACTIVITY. THEY PREPARE FOR THE DAYS JOURNEY OVER THE BURNING SANDS



THE SUN RISES AND SHEDS ITS BRILLIANT LIGHT OVER SAND DUNES AND CARAVAN.



BEFORE LONG, A FEW TAUREGS, MEMBERS OF THE DESERT TRIBE OF PLUNDERERS, APPROACH THE CARAVAN ON RACING CAMELS.



CHIEF HAFIR WISHES MONEY FOR PROTECTION.

YOU TELL HAFIR THAT I'M NOT PAYING ANOTHER RED CENT FOR PROTECTION. HE CAN DO AS HE PLEASURES ABOUT IT



CHIEF HAFIR WILL NOT LIKE THAT --- HE WILL BE VERY ANGRY.

HE CAN JUMP IN A LAKE, FOR ALL I CARE!

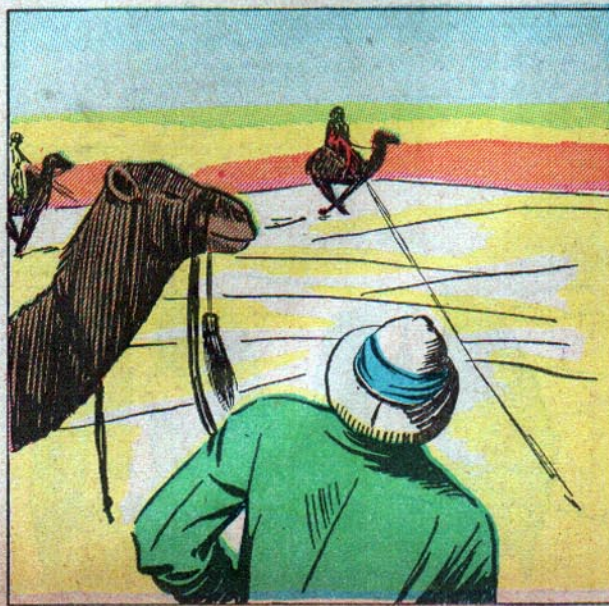


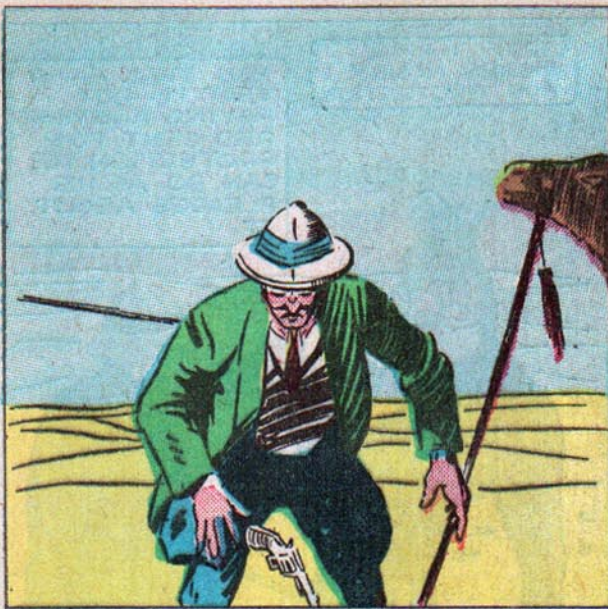
WE CAN EXPECT TROUBLE, NOW. HAFIR WON'T LET US PASS WITHOUT A FIGHT.

WE'LL HAVE TO FIGHT BACK! WE'VE GOT TO STOP HIM SOMETIME!



HAFIR LOSES NO TIME IN RIDING TO ATTACK THE CARAVAN.

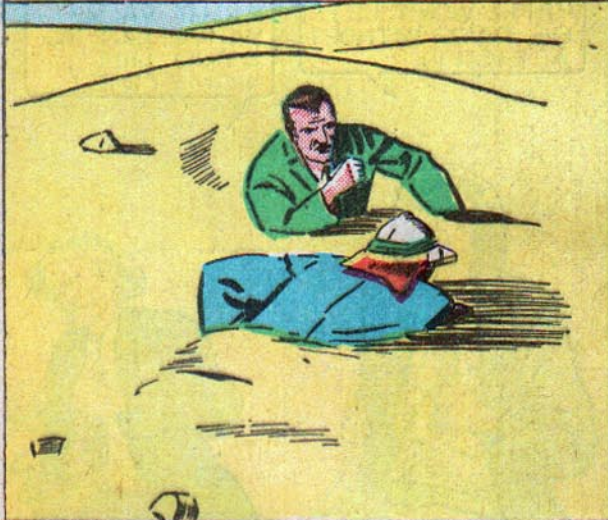




BETTER SAVE YOURSELF, DICK!

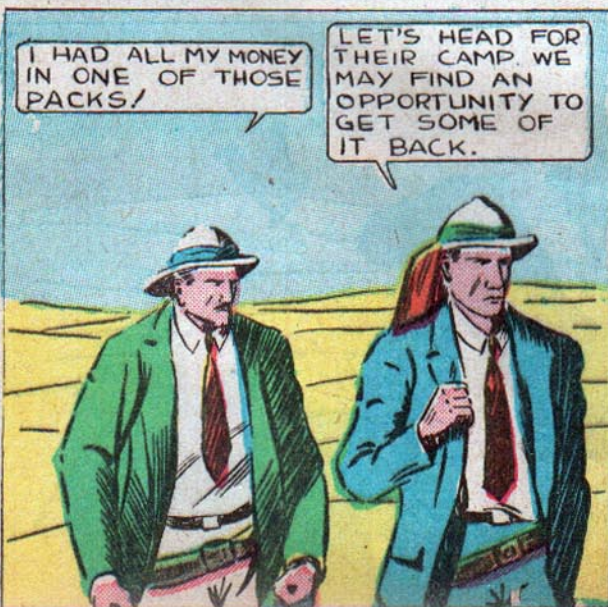
DON'T WORRY, MR. MOORE. WE'LL BOTH BE ALL RIGHT!

ALMOST BURIED IN THE SAND, BOTH MOORE AND DICK ESCAPE THE FURY OF THE ATTACKING TAUREGS.



I GUESS I SHOULD HAVE PAID OFF AND SAVED THE CARAVAN.

I DON'T BLAME YOU, MR. MOORE. SOMEBODY HAS TO HAVE COURAGE ENOUGH TO BUCK HAFIR.



I HAD ALL MY MONEY IN ONE OF THOSE PACKS!

LET'S HEAD FOR THEIR CAMP. WE MAY FIND AN OPPORTUNITY TO GET SOME OF IT BACK.



DO YOU FEEL STRONG ENOUGH TO TACKLE ONE OF THE GUARDS?

YES - I'M ALL RIGHT, NOW -- LET'S GO!

SNEAKING UP ON THE UNSUSPECTING GUARDS, MOORE AND DICK OVERPOWER THEM QUICKLY.

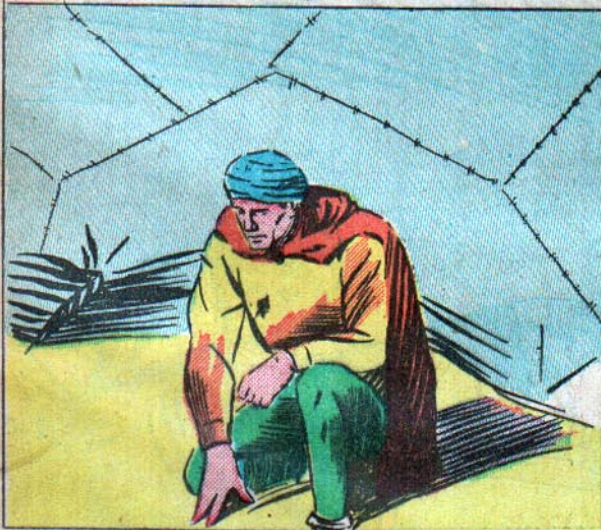


WITH THESE OUTFITS WE CAN WALK AROUND WITHOUT BEING RECOGNIZED.

YES, AND WE MAY BE ABLE TO LOCATE THE MONEY.



IN AN ATTEMPT TO FIND THE MONEY, THEY SNEAK INTO THE VARIOUS TENTS.



HERE'S SOME GOLD, MR. MOORE.

H'MMM---THERE'S A LOT MORE HERE THAN I HAD-- MUST BE PLUNDER FROM OTHER CARAVANS!



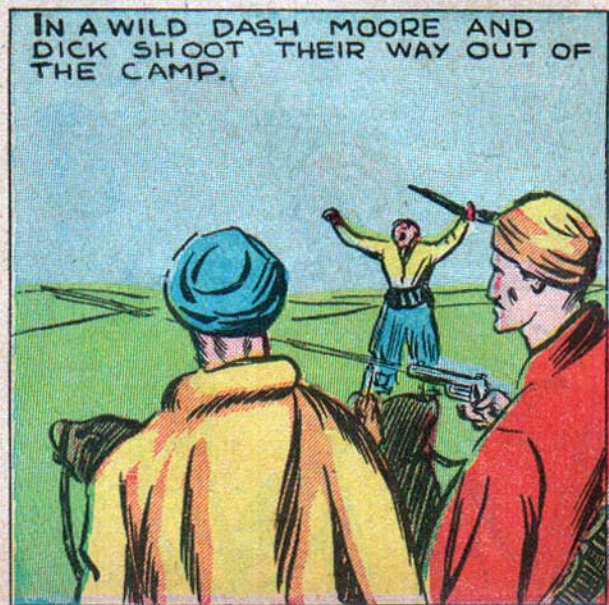
NOW IF WE CAN LOCATE A COUPLE OF FAST CAMELS, WE MAY STAND A CHANCE OF GETTING AWAY!



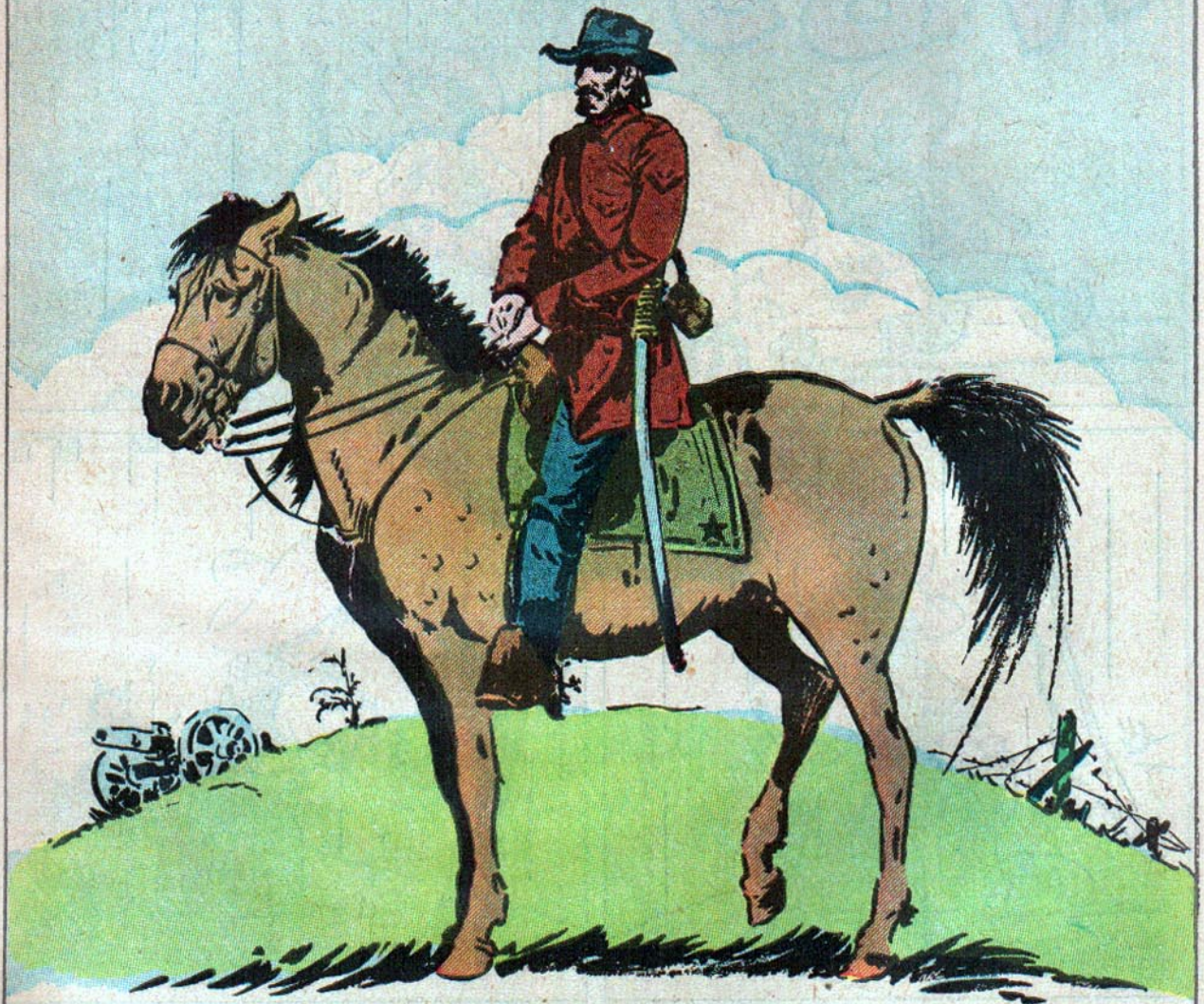
THESE CAMELS LOOK PRETTY FAST, MR. MOORE.

THEY'D BETTER BE-- OR WE'LL NEVER MAKE IT!





FAMOUS CHARGERS OF HISTORY

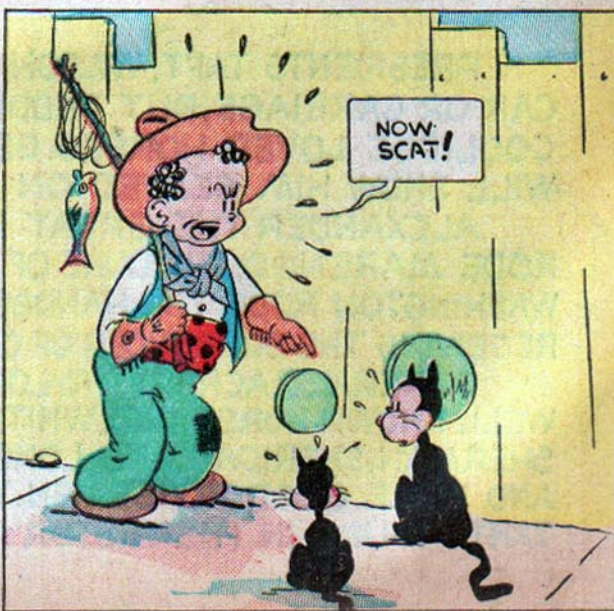
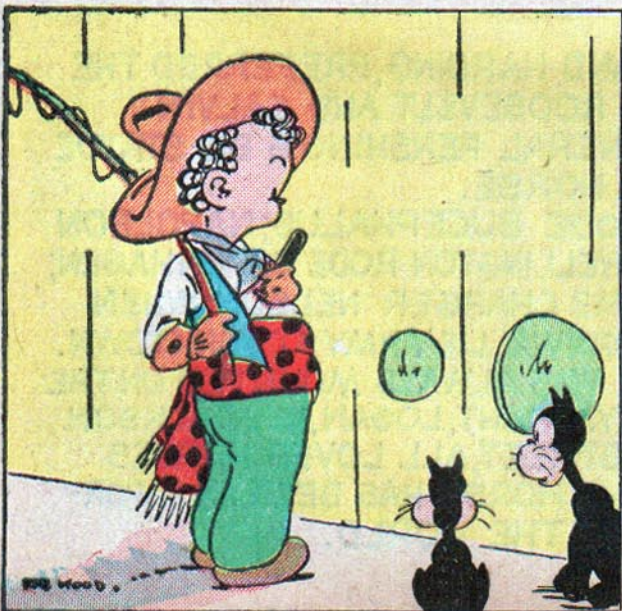
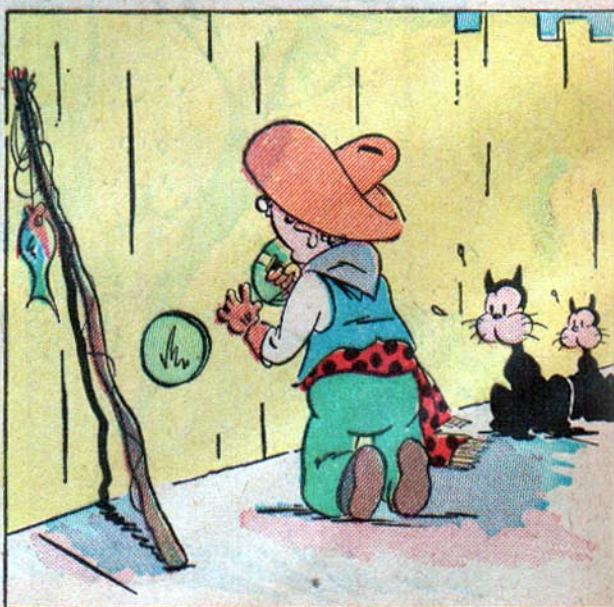
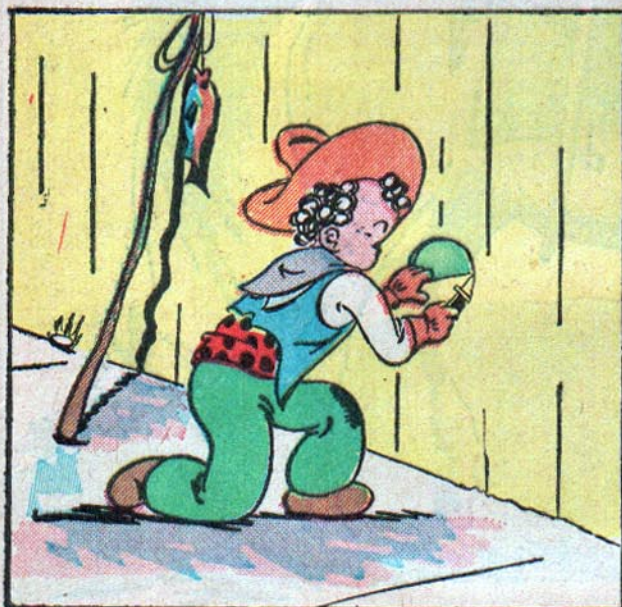
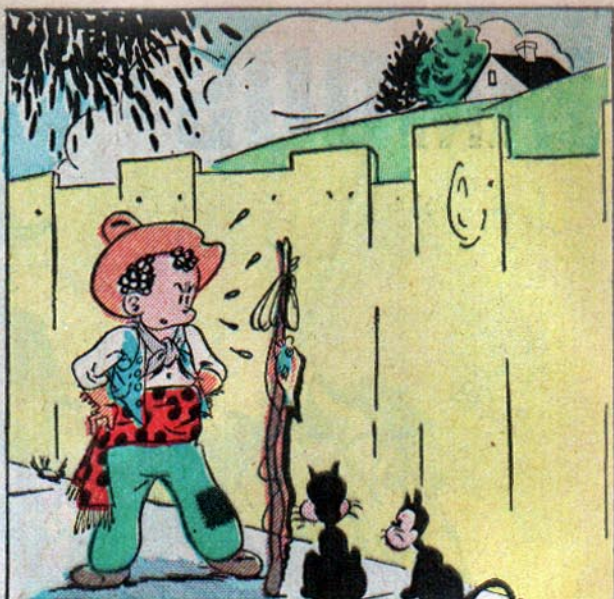


PRESIDENTS TAFT, WILSON AND HARDING, PREFERRED THE CAR OR CARRIAGE, BUT TEDDY ROOSEVELT AND CALVIN COOLIDGE LOVED HORSES. GENERAL PERSHING'S BIG STATUE WILL SHOW HIM SEATED ON A HORSE.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT RODE BUCEPHALUS; NAPOLEON RODE MARENGO; THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON RODE COPENHAGEN; WASHINGTON RODE THE HANDSOME CHARGER NELSON, WHEN RECEIVING THE SURRENDER OF CORNWALLIS' ARMY AT YORKTOWN.

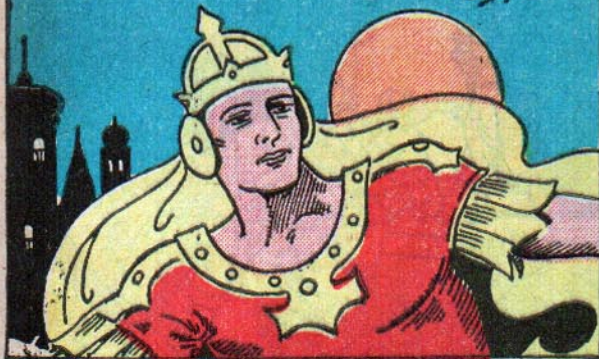
GENERAL ZACHARY TAYLOR WAS ALWAYS MOUNTED ON THE WELL KNOWN HORSE, OLD WHITEY. GRANT, LOGAN, LEE, JACKSON, SHERMAN, SHERIDAN, AND LONGSTREET, ALL LOVED HORSES AND WERE GOOD HORSEMEN. THE HORSE HAS BEEN AN IMPORTANT FIGURE IN THE HISTORY, OF THE WORLD.

NIBS



ABDALLAH

by Craig Fox



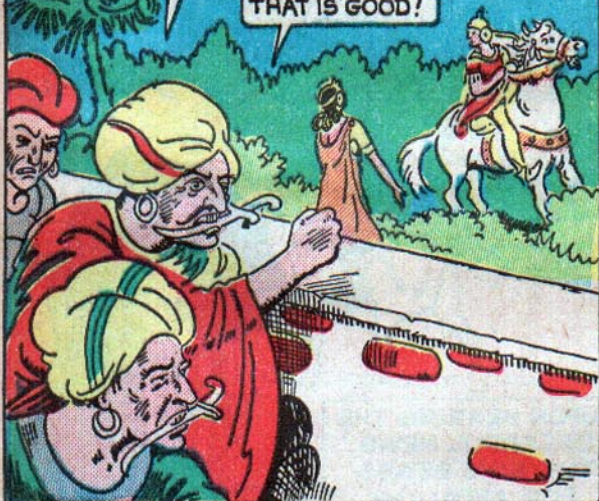
GOOD NIGHT, MY SWEET... I SHALL SEE YOU ON THE MORROW.

PLEASANT DREAMS, ABDALLAH.

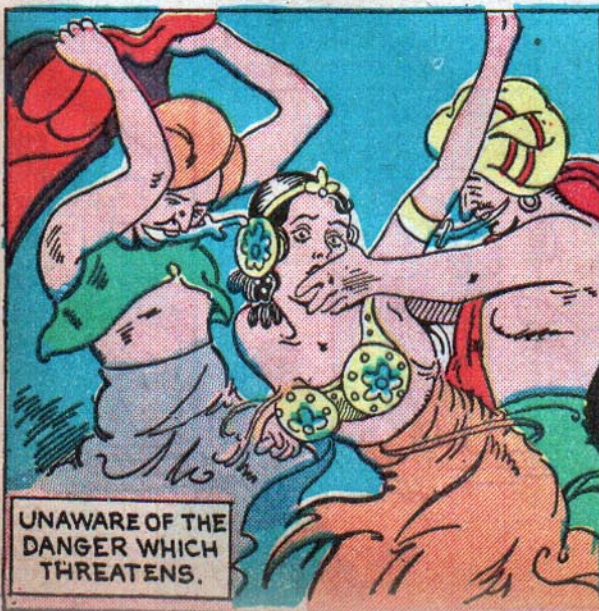
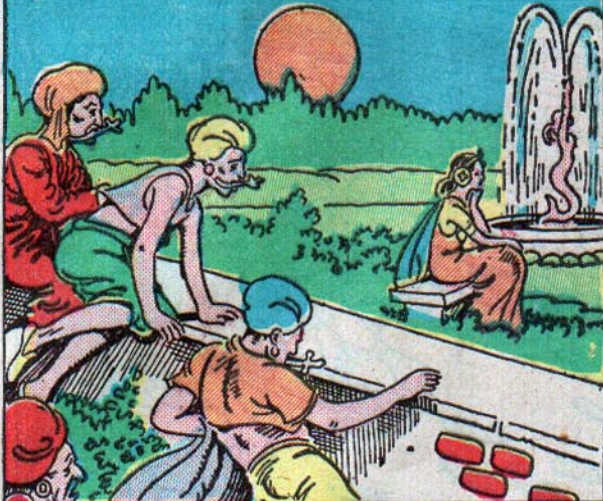


HE GOES NOW... WE WILL NOT WAIT LONG!

THAT IS GOOD!

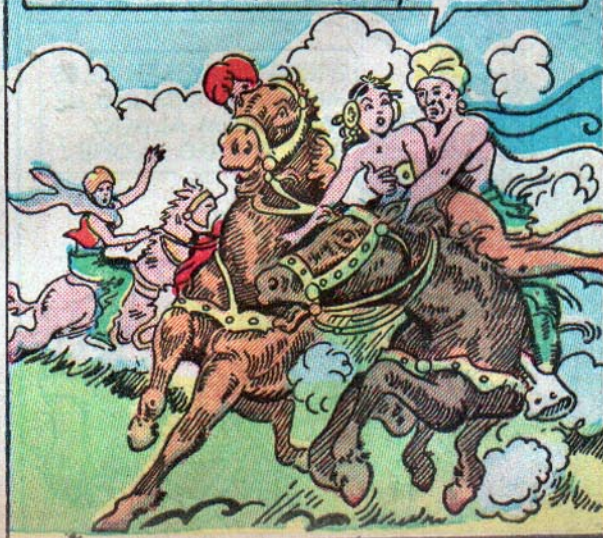


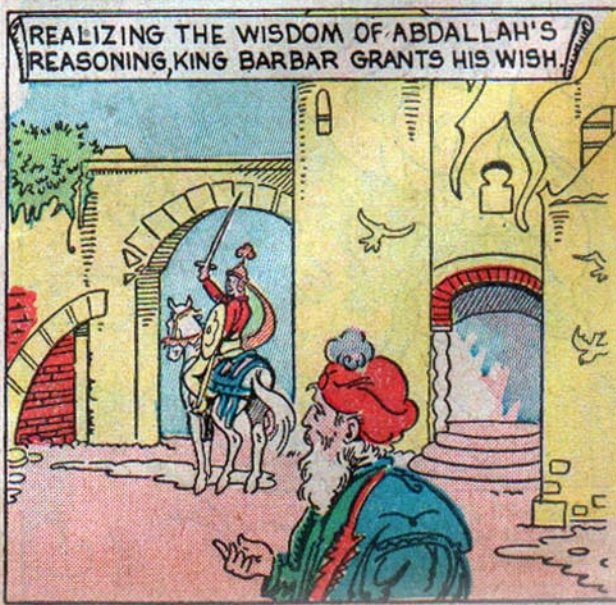
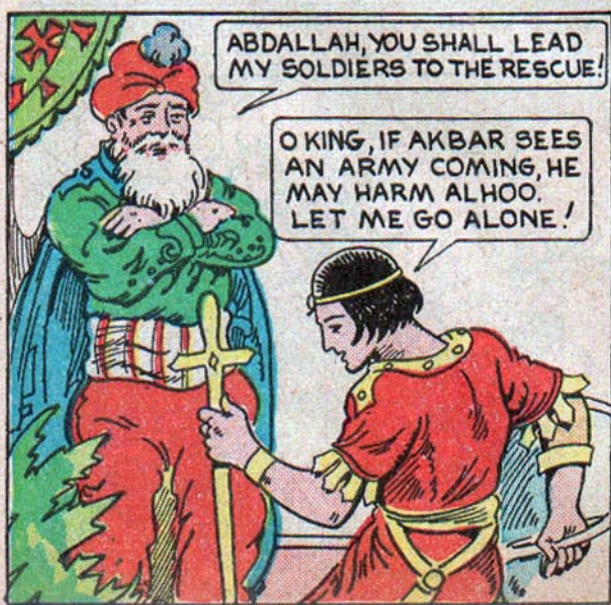
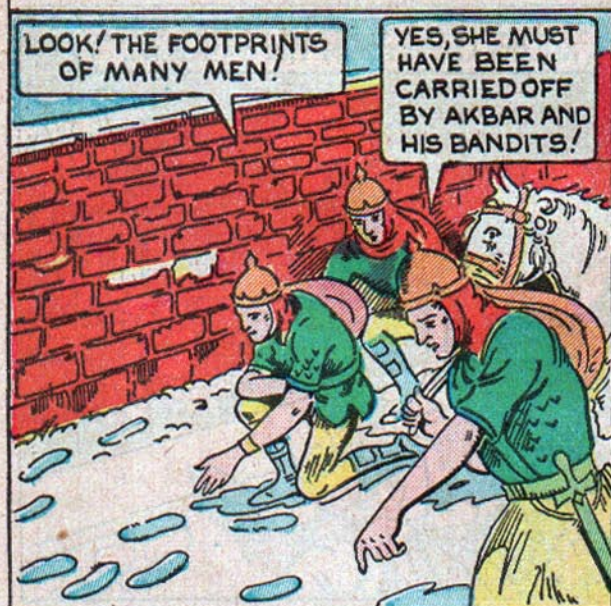
STILL UNDER THE SPELL OF ROMANCE, AHLOO LINGERS IN THE GARDEN...



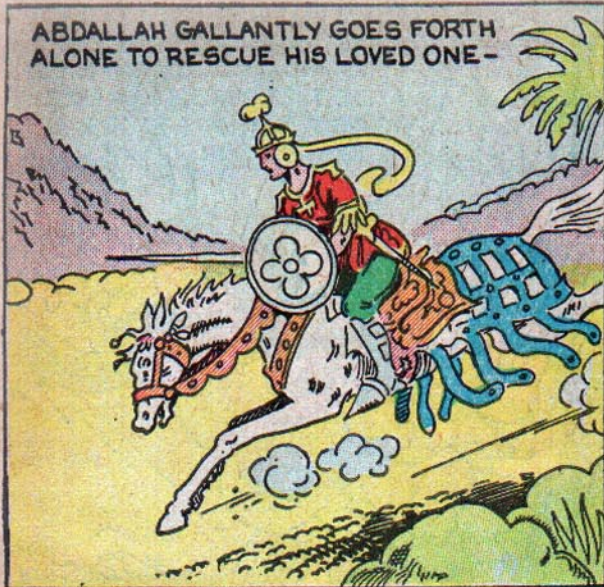
UNAWARE OF THE DANGER WHICH THREATENS.

YOUR FATHER WILL PAY A HANDSOME PRICE FOR YOUR SAFE RETURN, MY PRINCESS!

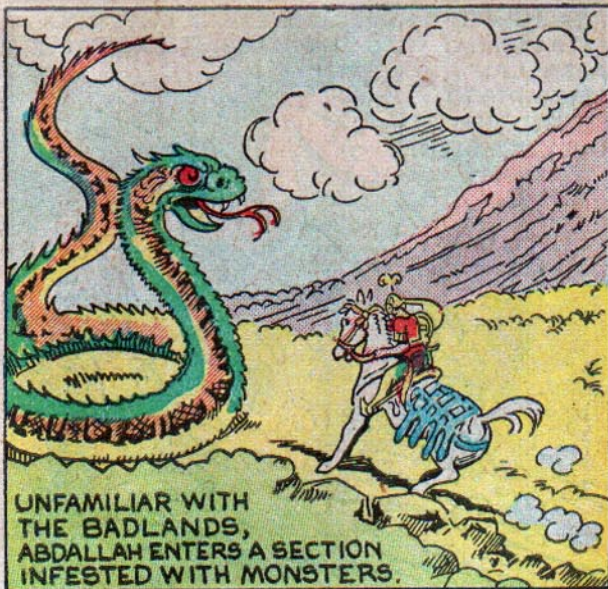




ABDALLAH GALLANTLY GOES FORTH
ALONE TO RESCUE HIS LOVED ONE -



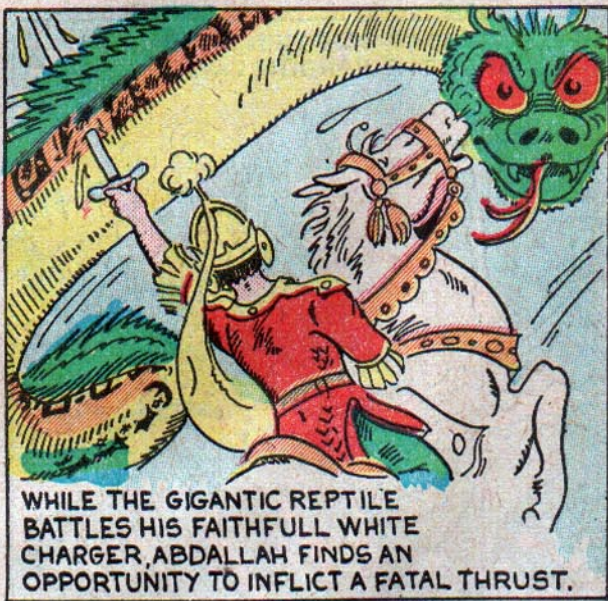
UNFAMILIAR WITH
THE BADLANDS,
ABDALLAH ENTERS A SECTION
INFESTED WITH MONSTERS.



ABDALLAH CHARGES THE HUGE
SERPENT, BUT THE CREATURE
UPSETS BOTH MAN AND HORSE WITH
A SWISH OF HIS POWERFUL TAIL.



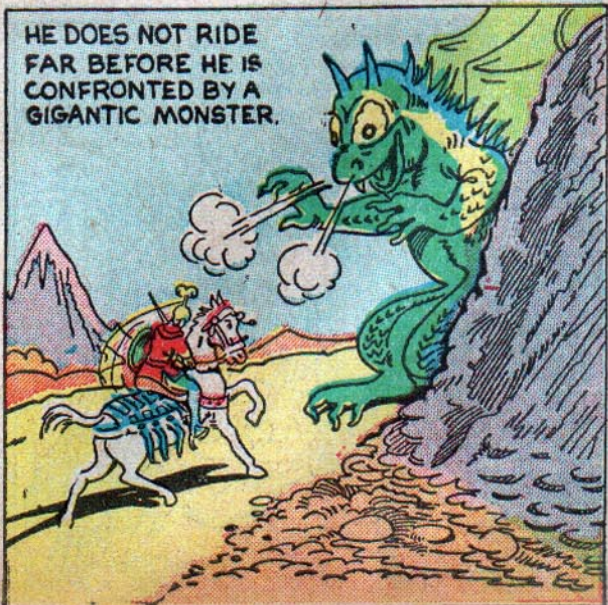
WHILE THE GIGANTIC REPTILE
BATTLES HIS FAITHFUL WHITE
CHARGER, ABDALLAH FINDS AN
OPPORTUNITY TO INFLECT A FATAL THRUST.



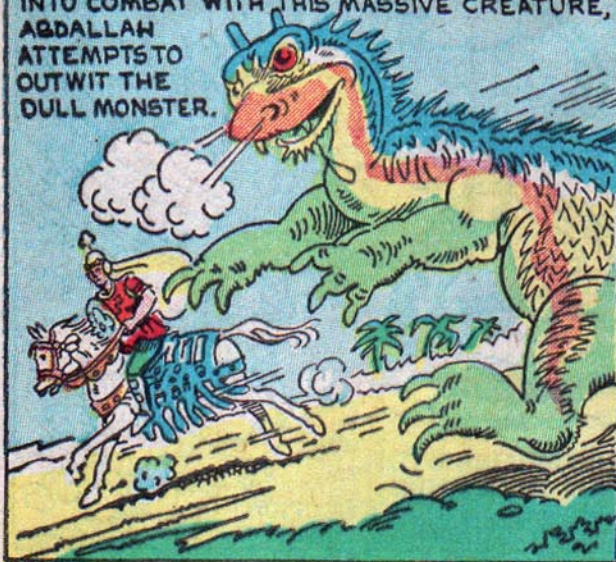
THE SERPENT VANQUISHED,
ABDALLAH RIDES ON.



HE DOES NOT RIDE
FAR BEFORE HE IS
CONFRONTED BY A
GIGANTIC MONSTER.



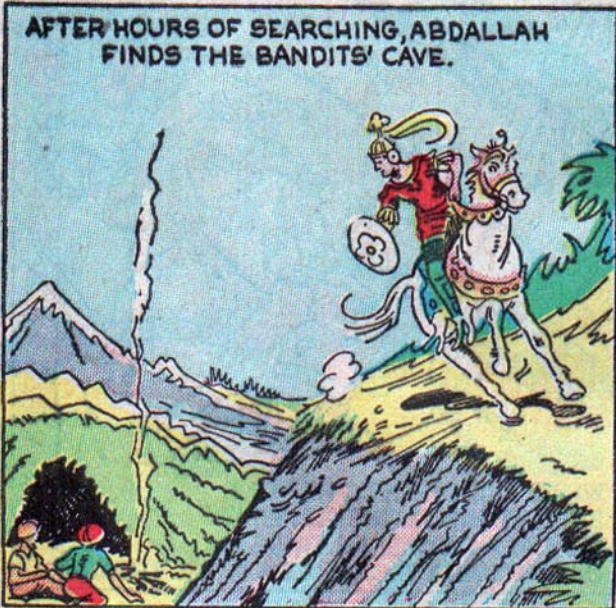
REALISING THE HOPELESSNESS OF ENTERING INTO COMBAT WITH THIS MASSIVE CREATURE, ABDALLAH ATTEMPTSTO OUTWIT THE DULL MONSTER.



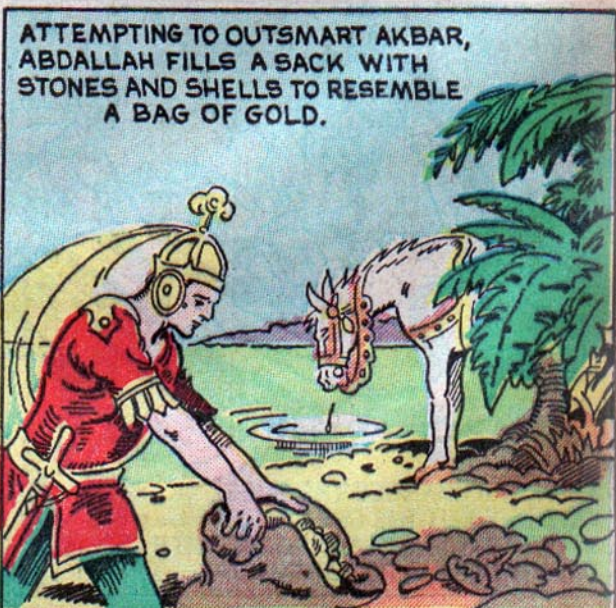
ABDALLAH LEADS THE HUGE MONSTER TO THE EDGE OF A CLIFF AND SUDDENLY SWERVES ASIDE. THE CREATURE, UNABLE TO STOP, PLUNGES TO HIS DESTRUCTION.



AFTER HOURS OF SEARCHING, ABDALLAH FINDS THE BANDITS' CAVE.



ATTEMPTING TO OUTSMART AKBAR, ABDALLAH FILLS A SACK WITH STONES AND SHELLS TO RESEMBLE A BAG OF GOLD.

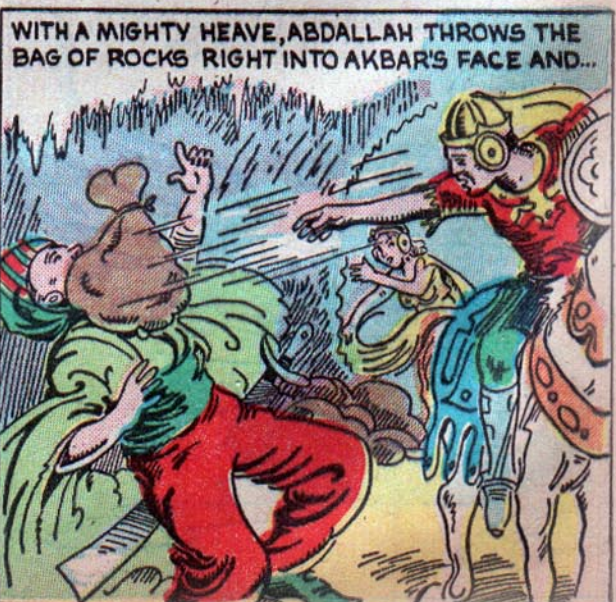


BRING ME THE PRINCESS, AKBAR, AND YOU CAN HAVE THE GOLD!

AH! IT IS WELL YOU BROUGHT GOLD. YOU SHALL HAVE YOUR PRINCESS.



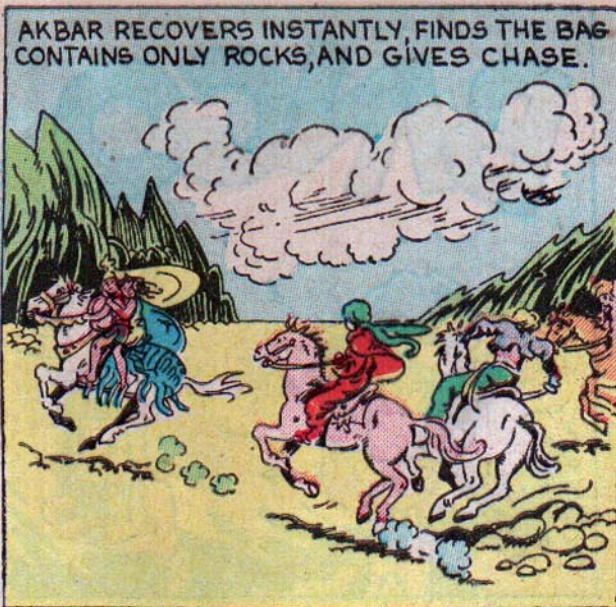
WITH A MIGHTY HEAVE, ABDALLAH THROWS THE BAG OF ROCKS RIGHT INTO AKBAR'S FACE AND...



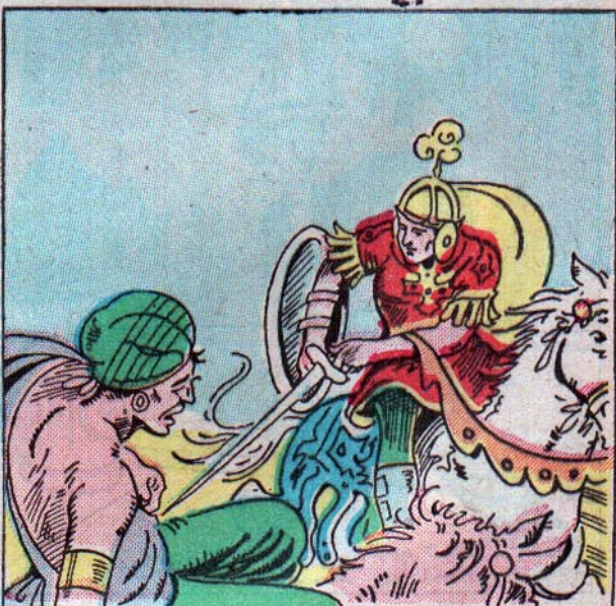
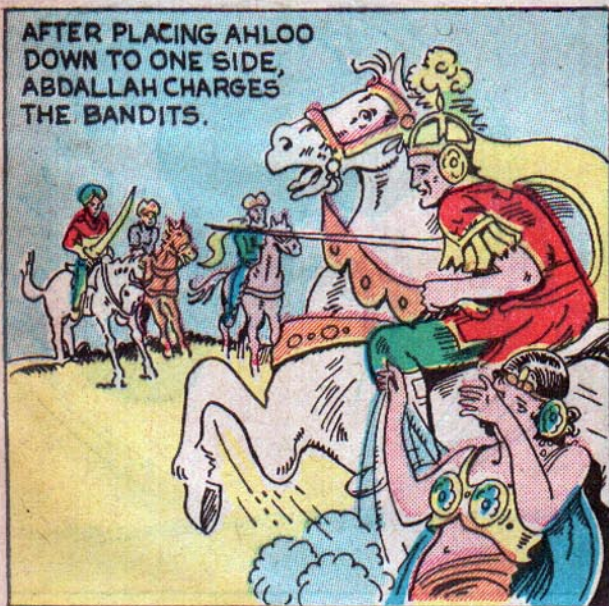
SNATCHING AHLOO INTO HIS ARMS,
HE DASHES OUT OF THE CAVE.



AKBAR RECOVERS INSTANTLY, FINDS THE BAG
CONTAINS ONLY ROCKS, AND GIVES CHASE.



AFTER PLACING AHLOO
DOWN TO ONE SIDE,
ABDALLAH CHARGES
THE BANDITS.



HIS MAGNIFICENT STRENGTH AGILITY THE
DECIDING FACTORS, ABDALLAH EMERGES
VICTORIOUS FROM THE FIERCE BATTLE.

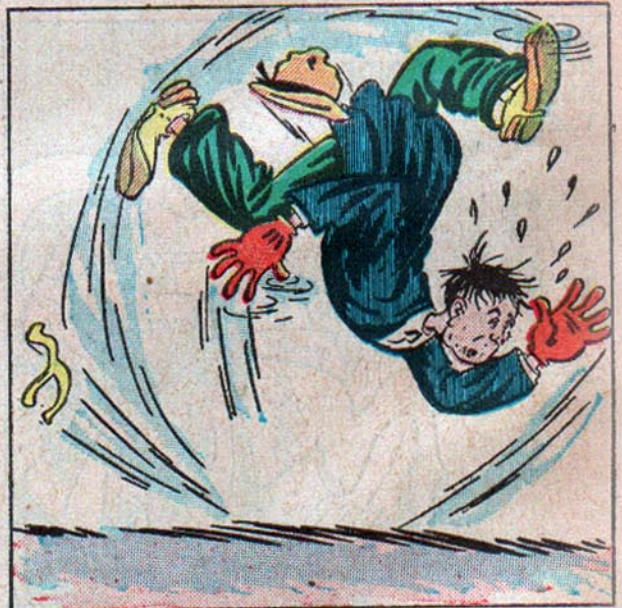
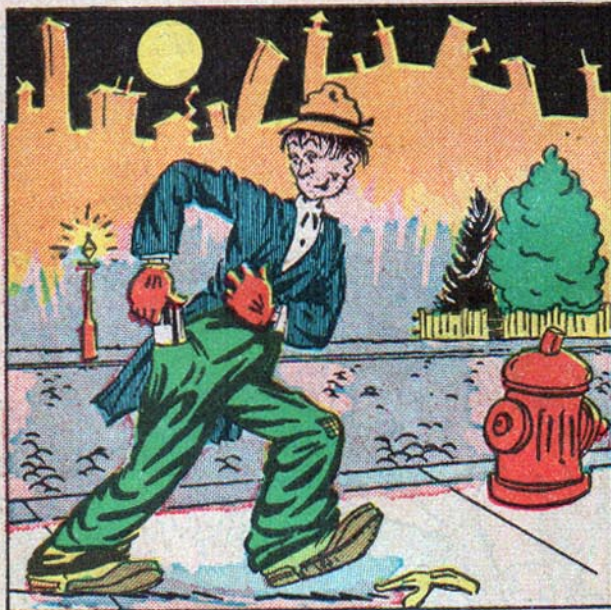
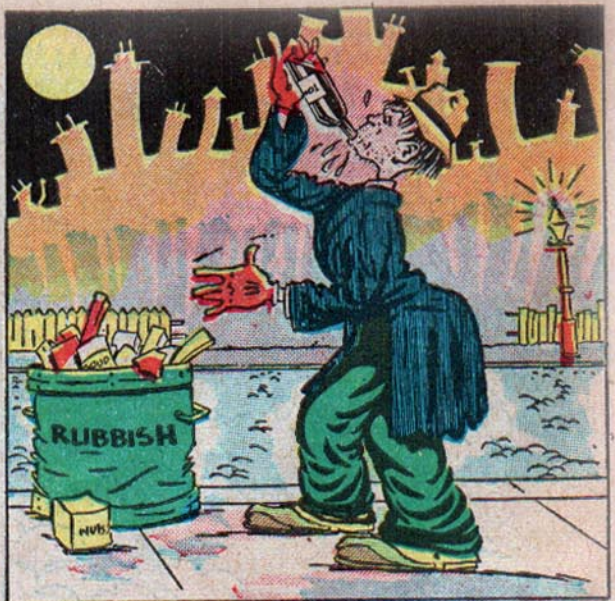
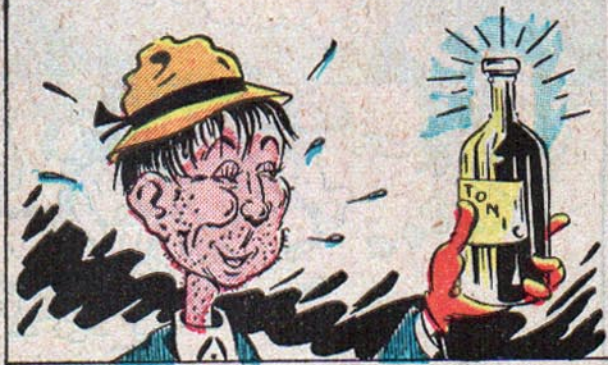


ABDALLAH, YOU WILL LONG BE REMEMBERED
FOR YOUR BRAVE DEED... YOU HAVE PROVED
YOURSELF WORTHY OF MY DAUGHTER.

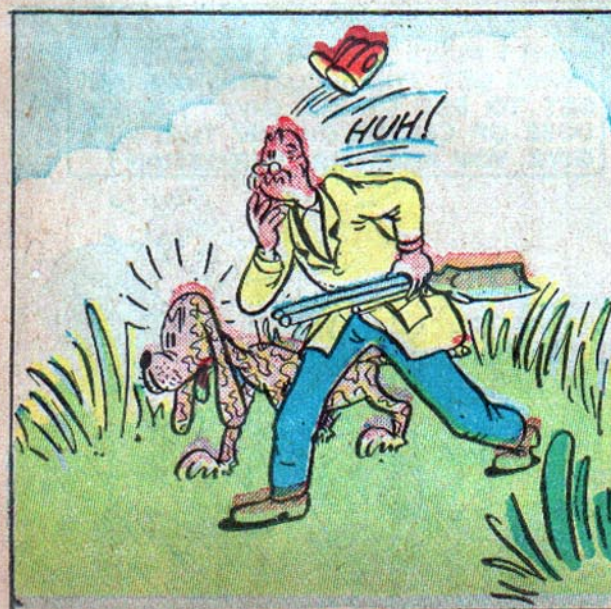
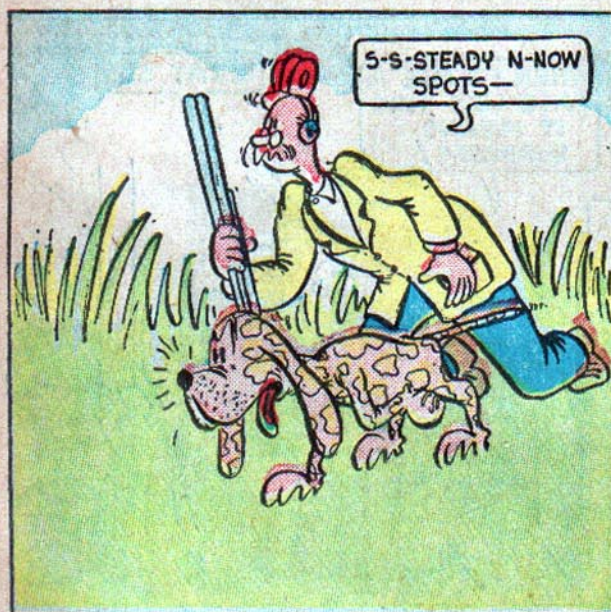
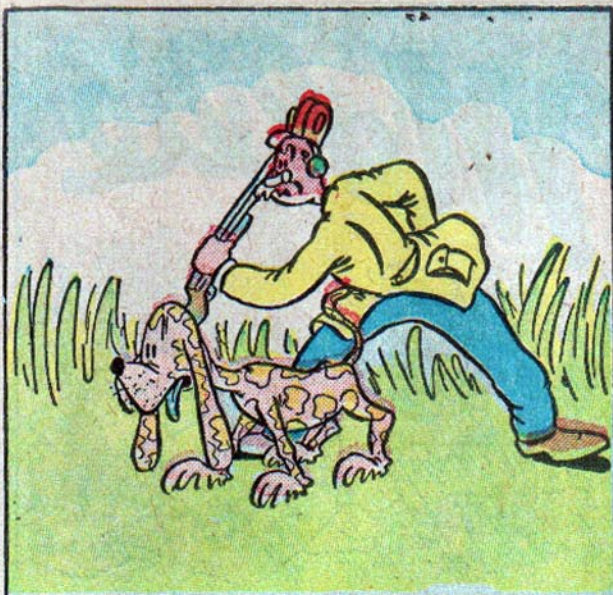
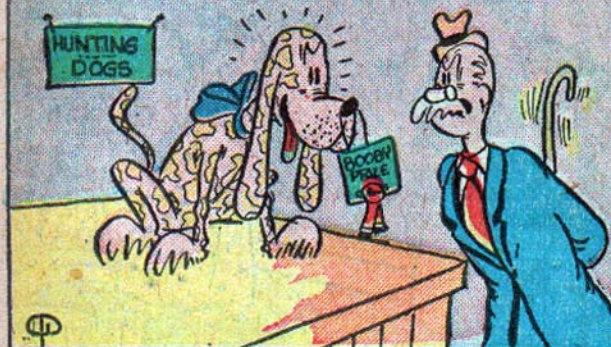


THANK YOU,
KING BARBAR.

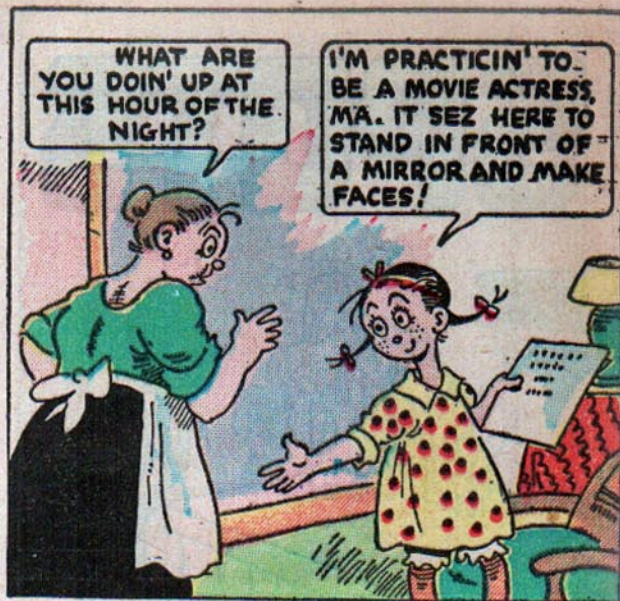
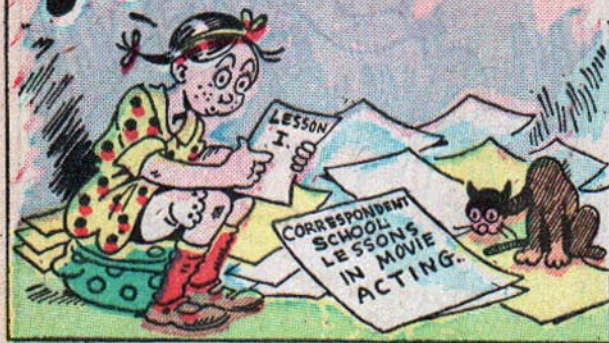
BINGO



SPOTS

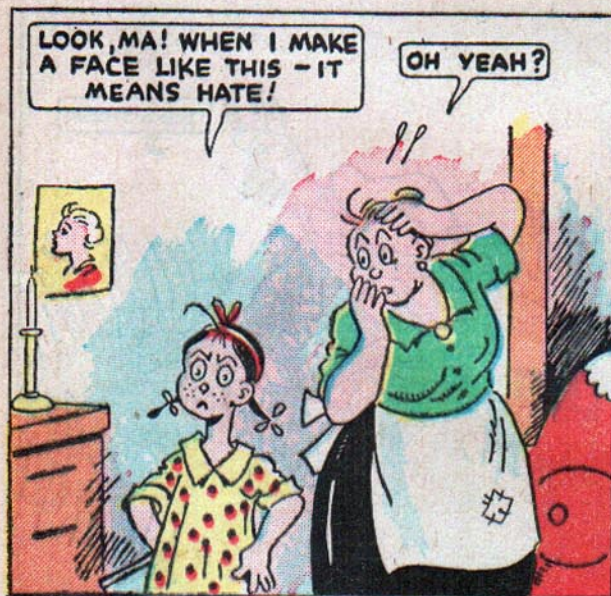


Mollie



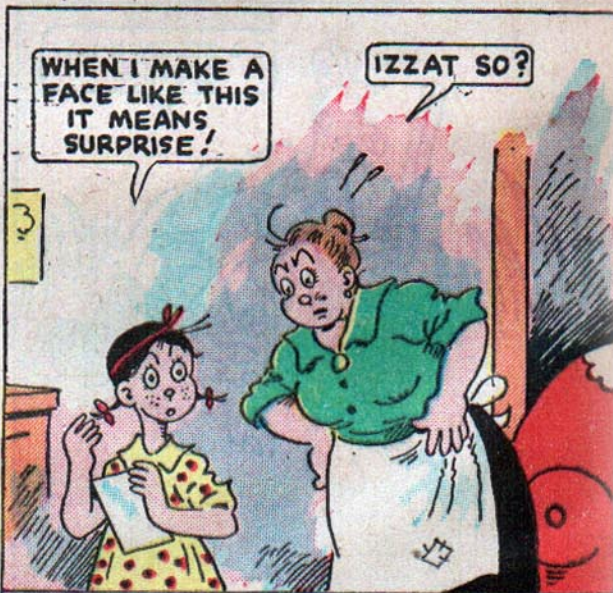
WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' UP AT THIS HOUR OF THE NIGHT?

I'M PRACTICIN' TO BE A MOVIE ACTRESS, MA. IT SEZ HERE TO STAND IN FRONT OF A MIRROR AND MAKE FACES!



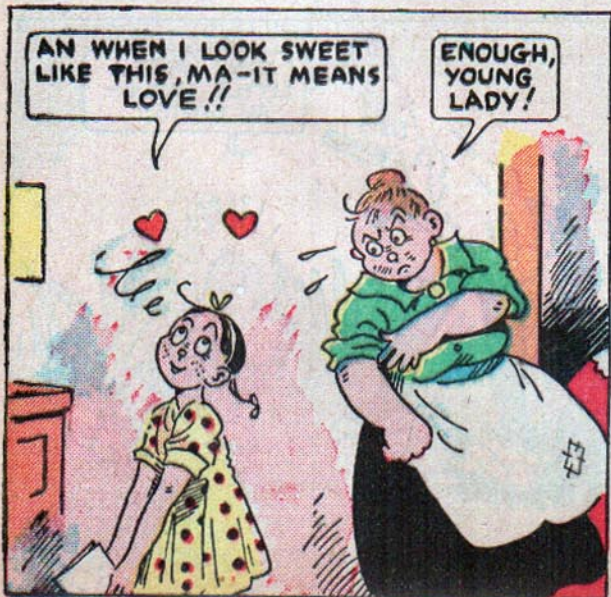
LOOK, MA! WHEN I MAKE A FACE LIKE THIS - IT MEANS HATE!

OH YEAH?



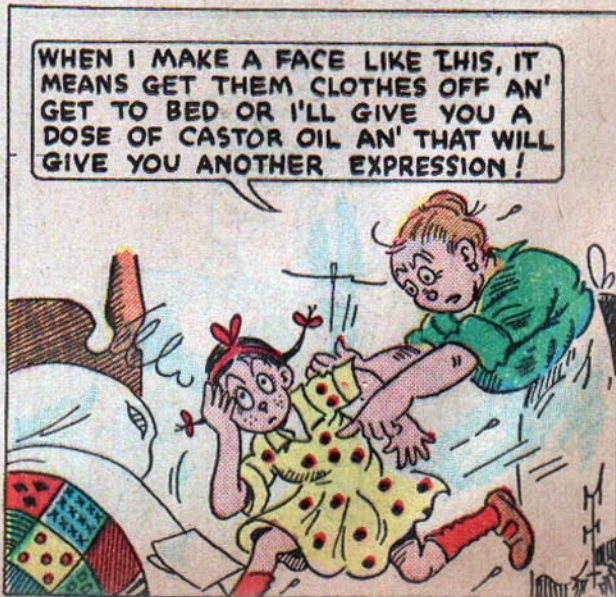
WHEN I MAKE A FACE LIKE THIS IT MEANS SURPRISE!

IZZAT SO?



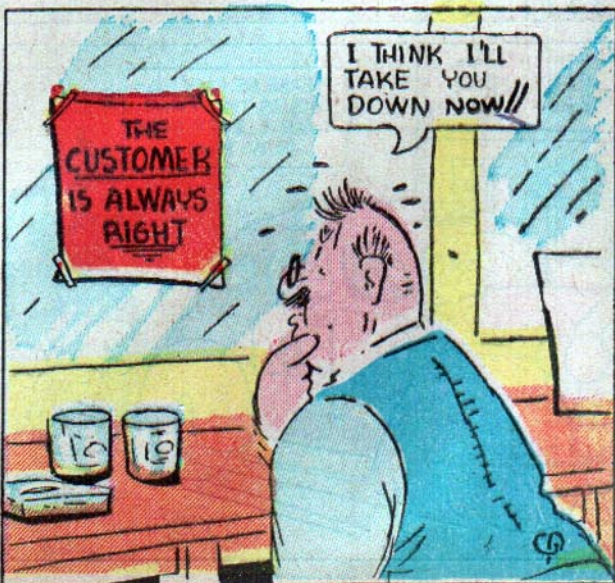
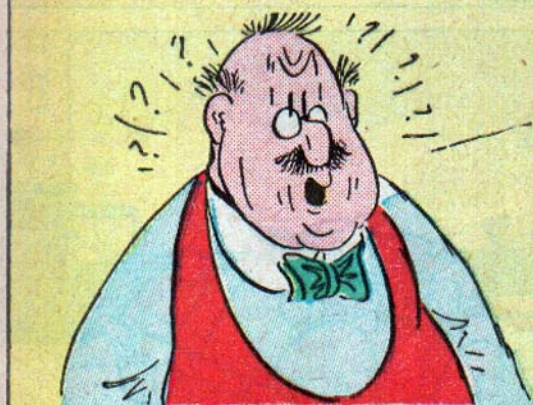
AN WHEN I LOOK SWEET LIKE THIS, MA - IT MEANS LOVE!!

ENOUGH, YOUNG LADY!

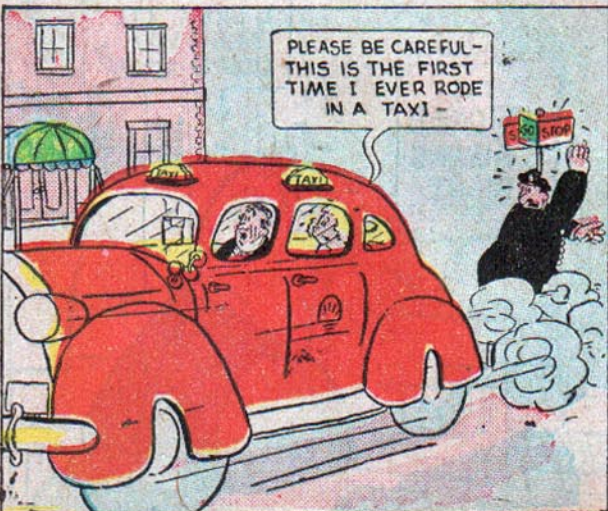
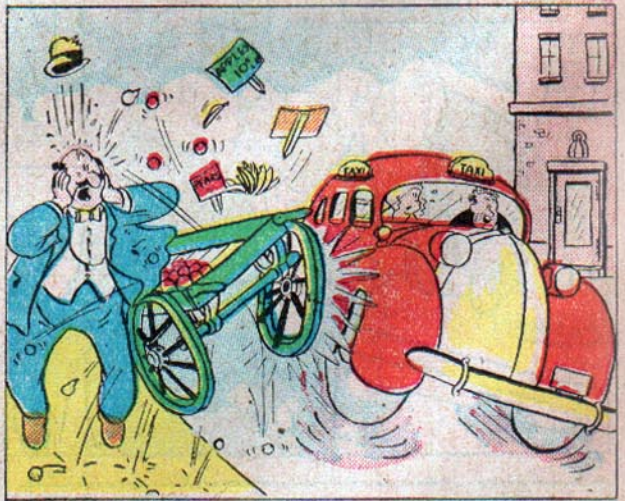
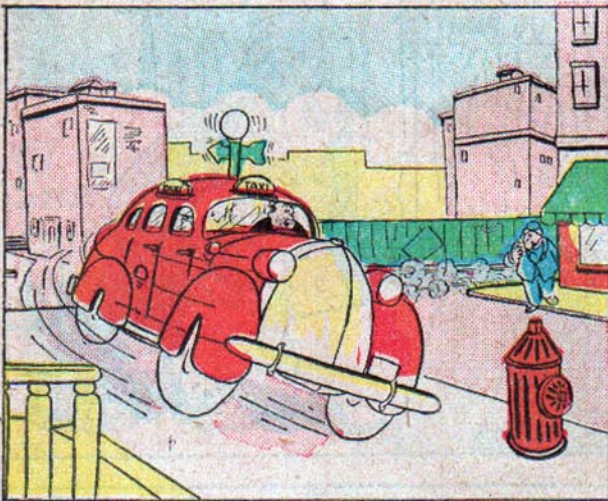
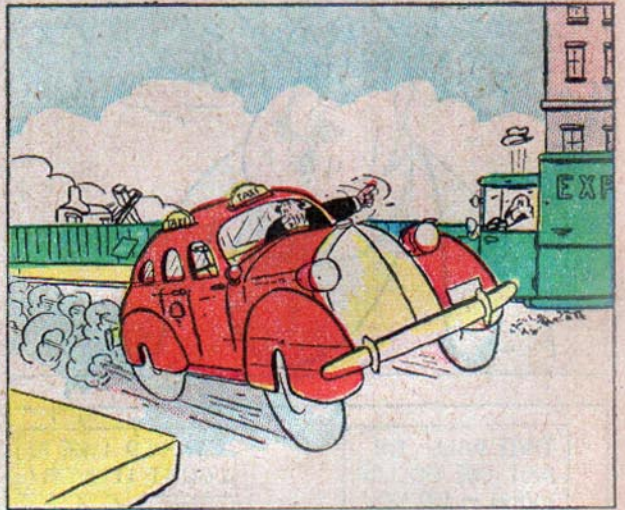
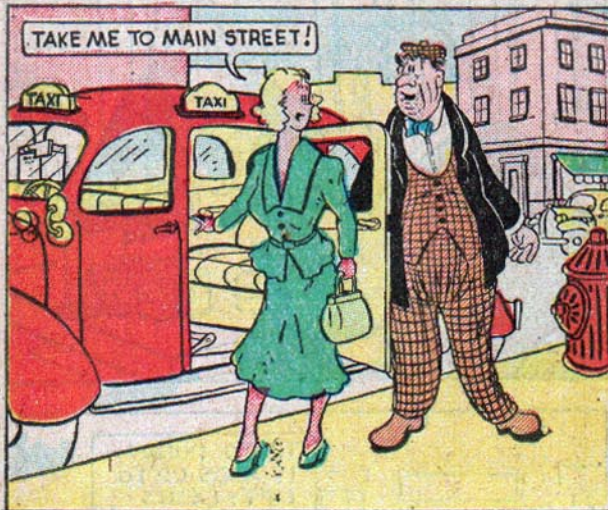


WHEN I MAKE A FACE LIKE THIS, IT MEANS GET THEM CLOTHES OFF AN' GET TO BED OR I'LL GIVE YOU A DOSE OF CASTOR OIL AN' THAT WILL GIVE YOU ANOTHER EXPRESSION!

MR. WHIPPLE

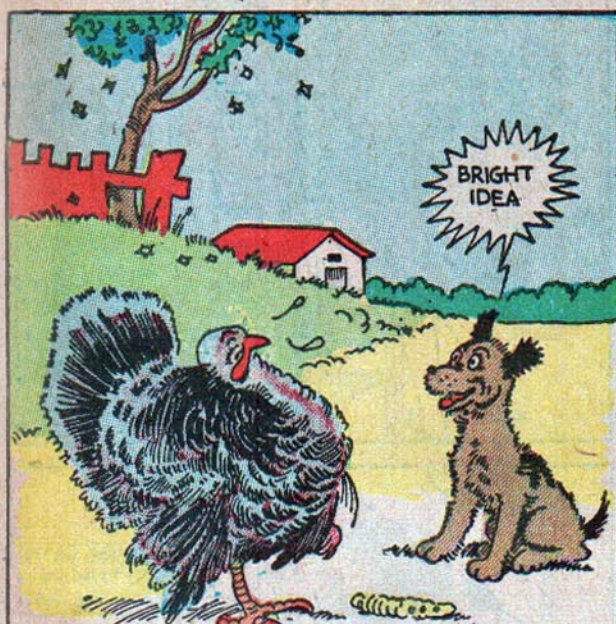


JITNEY Joe

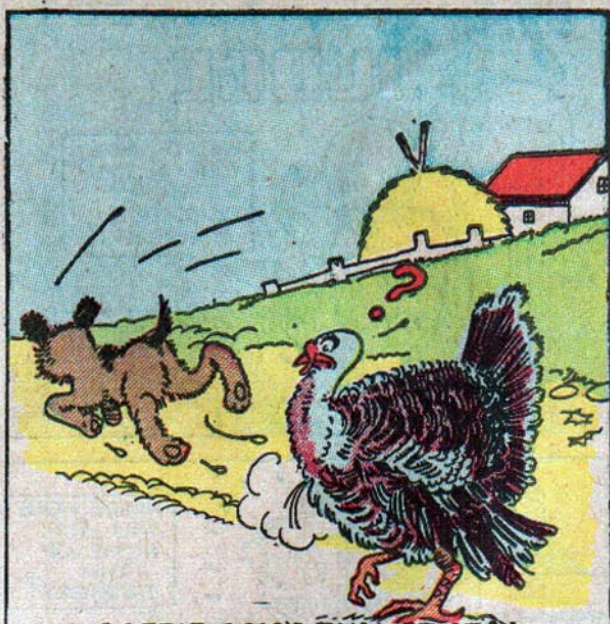




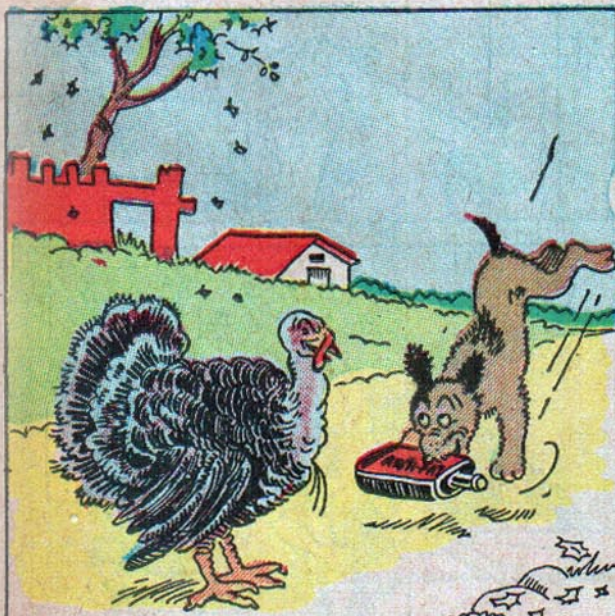
Dinky Pup



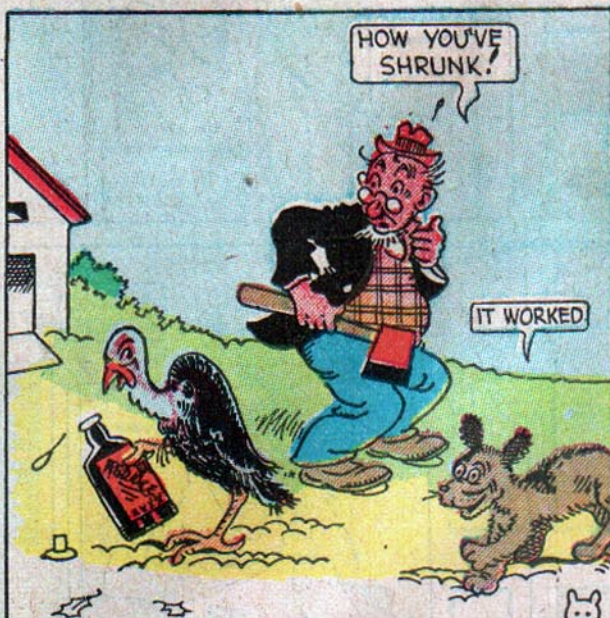
SAID MISTER TURKEY GOBBLER, "I'M FEELING MIGHTY QUEER, THANKSGIVING DAY IS COMING AND THE FARMERS AXE IS NEAR; AND I'M THE FATTEST TURKEY-I'M THE FATTEST OF THE FLOCK. I WISH THAT I WAS OLD AND THIN AN' HARDER THAN A ROCK."



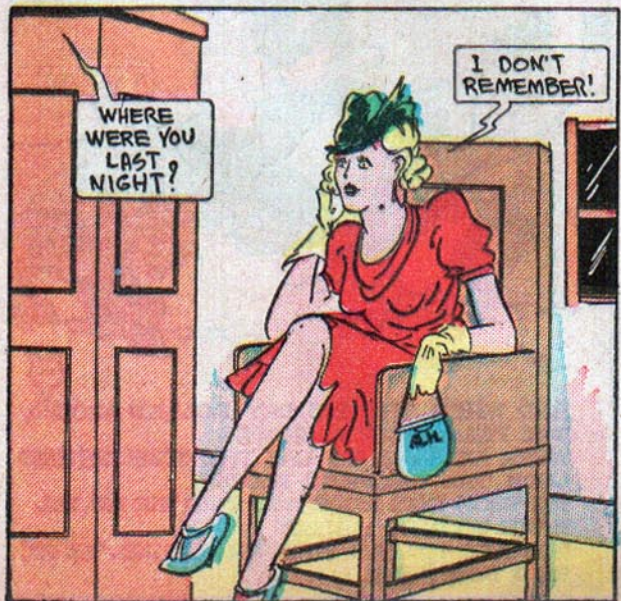
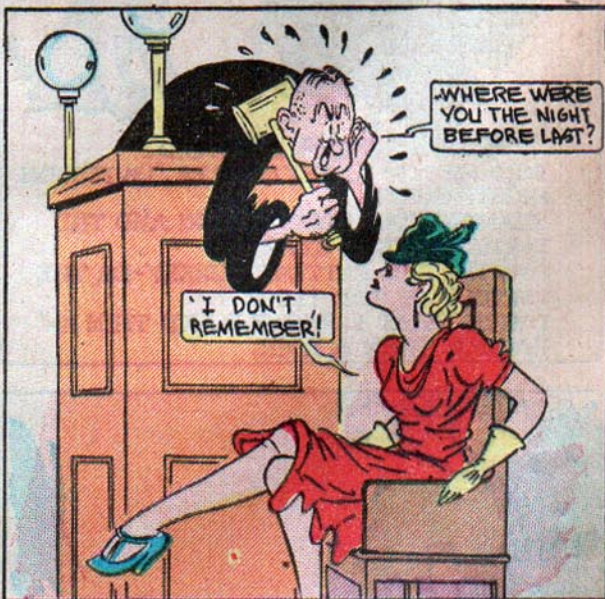
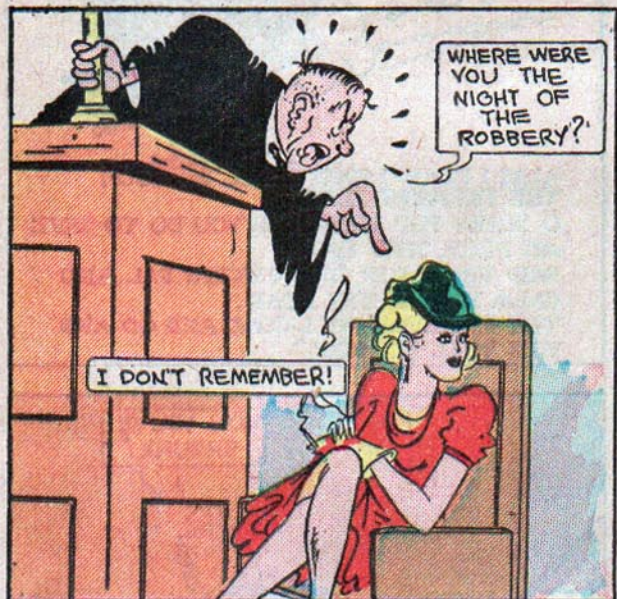
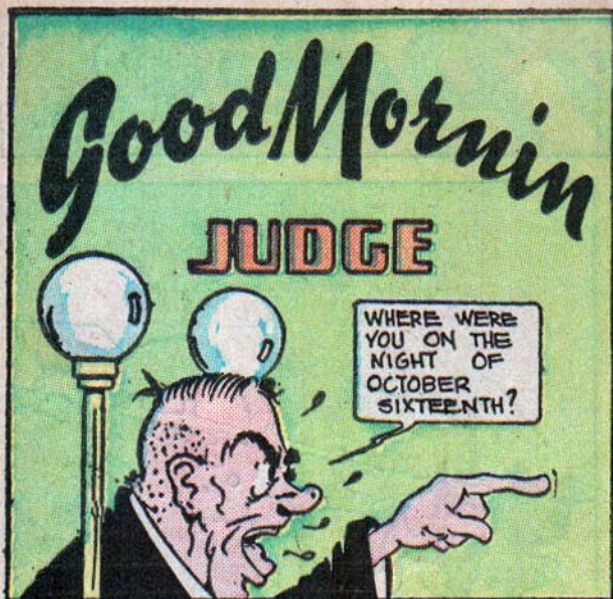
ALAS I FEAR-I SOON SHALL BE UPON THE FARMERS' PLATE. O DINKY PUP WHAT CAN YOU DO TO SAVE ME FROM THIS FATE? SAID DINKY PUP, "DON'T WORRY PAL AND CALM YOUR EVERY FEAR. THE HOLIDAYS WILL COME AND GO AND YOU WILL BE HERE."



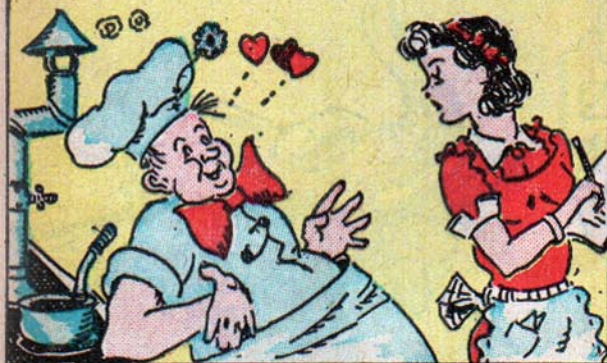
THE PUP RAN OFF AND SOON RETURNED, YET QUICKER THAN THE DEUCE. AND WITH A BOTTLE IN HIS MOUTH THAT READ, "THIS WILL REDUCE." NOW TAKE A SWIG OR TWO OF THIS," SAID DINKY WITH A SMILE. "YOU'LL LOSE A DOZEN POUNDS OR SO IN JUST A LITTLE WHILE."



AND WHEN THE BIG DAY ROLLED AROUND, THE FARMER GOT A SHOCK, WHEN HE CAME TO LAY THE GOBBLER'S HEAD UPON THE CHOPPING BLOCK, HE TOOK ONE LOOK AND SAID, "HO HO, I'LL HAVE TO PASS YOU UP" YOU ARE TOO OLD AND THIN TO DIE. "HE HE," SAID DINKY PUP.



CinHow

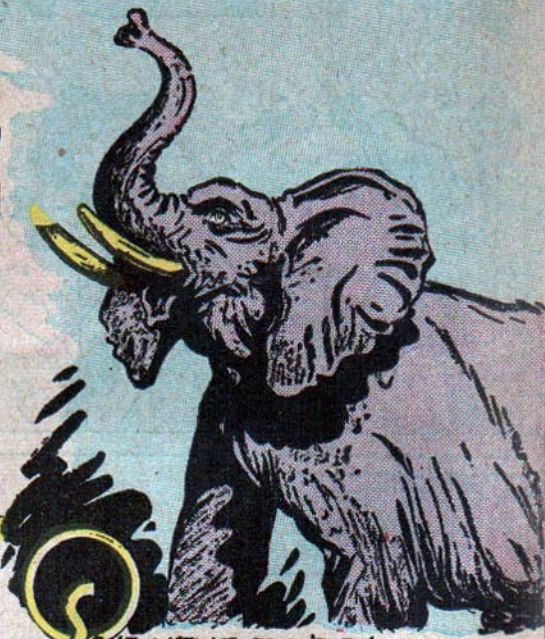


It's Really A Fact!

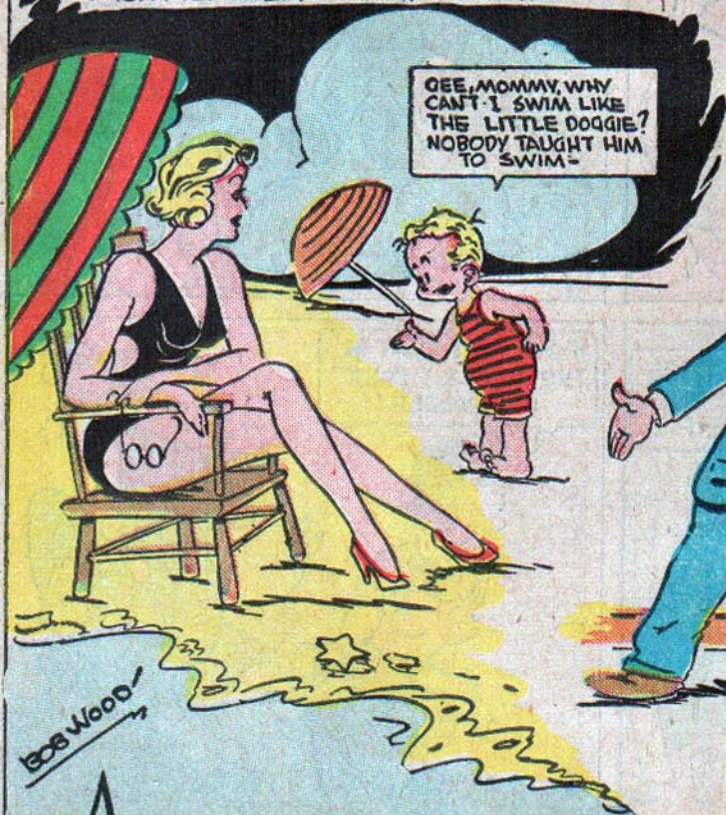


DON'T GO OUT WITHOUT YOUR RAINCOAT, PEDROS, IT'S ALMOST FOUR O'CLOCK!!

IN THE CITY OF BELEM IN BRAZIL IT RAINS PROMPTLY EVERY DAY AT FOUR P.M. -



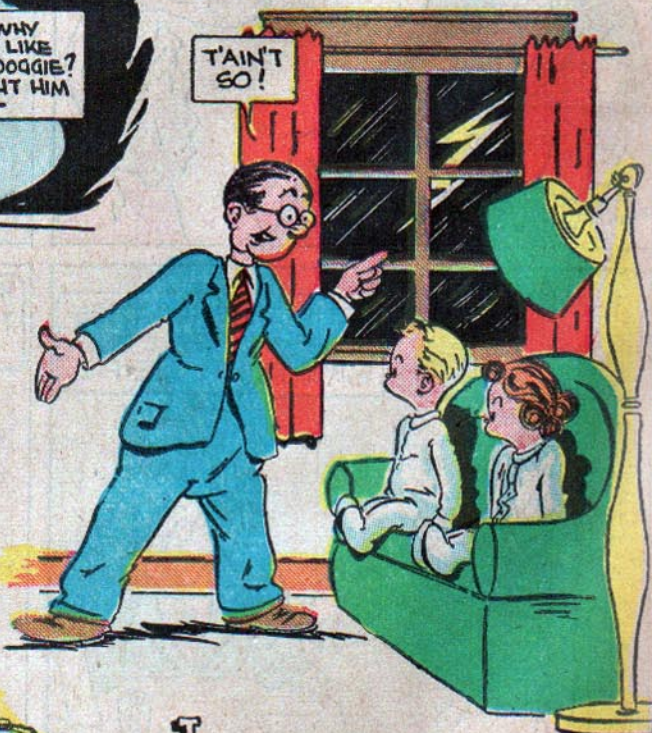
SOME INSTINCT TOLD 'BABE', THE 100 YEAR OLD ELEPHANT IN THE WASHINGTON ZOO IF SHE LAID DOWN SHE WOULD DIE - THOUGH SICK, SHE STAYED ON HER FEET FOR NINE YEARS, THEN COULD STAND NO LONGER - SHE LAID DOWN AND PROMPTLY DIED -



GEE, MOMMY, WHY CAN'T I SWIM LIKE THE LITTLE DOGGIE? NOBODY TAUGHT HIM TO SWIM -

BOB WOOD

ANIMALS TAKE NATURALLY TO THE WATER, WHILE HUMANS MUST BE TAUGHT TO SWIM -



TAIN'T SO!

IT IS GENERALLY BELIEVED THAT LIGHTNING WILL NOT STRIKE THROUGH A PANE OF GLASS - DON'T BELIEVE IT BECAUSE IT WILL -

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I AIN'T AFTER YER DOUGH, BUDDY-
JES FORK OVER THOSE COPIES OF
"**FUNNY PAGES**" AND "**FUNNY PICTURE
STORIES**" MAGAZINES THAT YA
GOT THERE !



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SPECIFICATIONS. Standard Keyboard. Finished in glistening black with chromium attachments. Takes paper 9.5 inches wide. Writes lines 8.2 inches wide. Standard size, 12 yard ribbon. Makes up to 7 clear legible carbons. Back spacer. Full size platen. Paper fingers, roller

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